

# The Corsair.

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## TO A PORTRAIT OF NELL GWYN.

\* \* But they've wronged thee—and I swear,  
By that brow so dazzling fair;  
By the light subdued that flashes  
From thy drooping lid's silk lashes—  
By thy softly blushing cheek,  
By thy lips that more than speak;  
By thy stately, swan-like neck,  
Glossy white without a speck—  
By thy slender fingers fair,  
Modish mein, and graceful air—  
'Twas a burning shame and sin,  
Sweet, to christen thee Nell Gwyn!  
Wreath for aye thy snowy arms—  
Thine are sure no wanton's charms;  
Like the fawn's—as bright and shy,  
Beams thy dark, retiring eye.  
No bold invitations given  
From the depths of that blue heaven,  
Nor one glance of lightness hid  
'Neath its pale, declining lid.  
No! I'll not believe thy name  
Can be aught allied to shame;  
'Spite of Tradition's idle din,  
Thou art not, canst not be Nell Gwyn!

## MARY STUART'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Farewell! thou charming land of France!  
Lov'd shalt thou be for evermore;  
Here beam'd my youth's first happy glance—  
Adieu!—'tis death to quit thy shore!  
Adopted home of childhood's years,  
From whence I now must banished be,  
My farewell take—receive my tears,  
And keep, O France! my memory.  
The wind is high—we quit the land—  
Yet all unmov'd by tearful eyes;  
To cast me back upon thy strand,  
Heaven biddeth not the waves arise.  
When, 'mid my favourite people's gaze,  
I cross'd the Tournay's brilliant ring,  
Less warm the shouts my rank could raise  
Than those which hail'd my beauty's spring.  
Vain is the crown—the sceptre vain—  
To me in gloomy Scotland shewn;  
Unless it were o'er France to reign,  
I never wish to fill a throne.  
There Glory, Love, and Genius smiled—  
And deep my youth has drank of all;  
But now, in Caledonia wild,  
What change must o'er my fortunes fall:  
Dark too an omen lately gleamed,  
(Well may my heart affrighted be,)   
For in a vision dread there seem'd  
A scaffold raised—and raised for me.  
O France! 'mid future wrongs and fears,  
The daughter of the Stuart's line,  
As in this day that sees her tears,  
Shall turn to thoughts that once were thine.  
But see! the ship's too rapid sail  
Already speeds 'neath darkening skies;  
And night, beneath her humid veil,  
Conceals thee from mine eyes.  
Farewell then, charming land of France!  
Lov'd shalt thou be for evermore;  
Here beam'd my youth's first happy glance—  
Adieu!—'tis death to

L. F.

## THE LAST DAY OF TIPPOO SAIB.

That day he rose Sultan of half the East.  
—The guards awoke each from his fitful dream  
Of conquest or of fear: the trumpet plain'd  
Through the far citadel, and thousands trooped  
Obedient to its mournful melody,  
Soldier, and chief, and slave—and he the while  
Traversed his hall of power, and with a look  
Deeply observant glanced on all; then, waving  
His dusky arm, struck through the listening crowd  
Silence and dumb respect; from his fierce tongue  
Stream'd words of vengeance.

There he stood, a king  
Half-circled by his Asian chivalry;  
In figure like some Indian God, or like  
Satan when he beneath his burning dome  
Marshall'd his fiery Cherubim, and called  
A! Hell to arms. The sun blazed into day—  
Then busy sights were seen, and sounds of war  
Came thickening: first the steed's shrill neigh, the drum,  
Rolling at intervals, the bugle note  
Mixed with the hoarse command, then (neering on)  
The soldier's silent, firm, and regular tread;  
The trampling horse, the clash of swords, the wheel  
That creaking, bore the dread artillery;  
How fierce the dark king bore him on that day,  
How bravely! Like a common slave he fought  
Heedless of life; and cheer'd the soldier on.  
Deep in his breast the bullets sank, but he  
Kept on; and this looked nobly. Like a king  
That day he earned a title with his life,  
And made his foes respect him.

Like some dark form of marble, with an eye  
Staring and strained with pain, and motionless,  
And glassy as with death: his lips compressed  
Spoke inward agony, yet seemed he resolute  
To die a king. An enemy came, and strove  
To tear away his regal diadem.  
Then turned his eye: one angry flush  
Tinted his cheek and fled. He grasp'd his sword  
And struck his last, faint, useless blow, and then  
Stood all defenceless. Ah! a flash, and quick  
Fled the dark ball of death: right through the brain  
It went (a mortal messenger), and all  
That then remained of that proud Asian king,  
Who startled India far and wide, and shook  
The deserts with his thunder, was—a name.

## HENRY GRATTAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

REVIEWED BY A TORY WRITER.

We resume with pleasure our remarks on these volumes. Every thing connected with Ireland has a powerful interest in our minds. Its history, that of a singularly intelligent, brave, and high-minded race of men, mis-led by national fantasies, deluded by political artifices, and misruled by virulent faction, perhaps more than any other people of the globe, strongly demands the attention, not less of the philosopher than the patriot. To point out their true friends to such a people, to direct their fine talents and their glowing energies into the path of public prosperity, would be among the noblest services of statesmanship; and though Ireland, papist and partisan, must only rivet her own chains by the fires of her own impure altars, we do not despair of the time when she shall be what nature intended her to be—a bulwark to the great empire of pure religion and public virtue.

Among the chief values of these volumes, we have already alluded to their sketches of remarkable men. It is one of the important peculiarities of a free country, that all public necessities immediately raise up a generation of vigorous minds. Public necessity will not create genius, but it turns the general powers of the people into its own direction. Genius is the especial gift of heaven, an intellectual miracle, and therefore rare; but the average ability to which we allude, may be called the child of circumstances, and is as much a matter of succession as the seasons, in which the winds of March are called on to dry the soil after the rains of winter, the sun of summer to warm the bosom of the earth after this drying, and the winter's frost to give the ground at once rest, and new principles of fertility after the exhaustion of the year. But the intellectual process can be relied on only in free countries, for there alone man is enabled to shape himself to the changing shapes of the time. Despotism is a dungeon in which the external influences of things go for nothing; its world is its walls, and its only dwellers the captive and the turnkey. But the free country is the open field, where every aspect of heaven and earth has its influence, and where every man has his individual enjoyment, or is compelled to exert his independent vigour.

The condition of the great continental governments, during the last hundred years, is strongly illustrative of this truth. Spain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, have produced no addition and no change in the forms of individual character. They required soldiers, and they had them; but all the vigour of the national talents was circumscribed within the cabinet, and the king and his ministers were the only names in the kingdom. Among the minor powers of Germany which were partially free, literature gave distinction to some individuals. In France, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the growing license of the people, and the rapid feebleness of the government, the only freedom which France seems ever likely to enjoy, gave a larger and more fatal scope to individual character; until what ought to have been only an illumination burst into a blaze, and France, like the habitual drinker of ardent spirits, perished of spontaneous combustion.

Ireland was nearly in point. It would be absurd to speak of her as enslaved, for all the efforts of the British Government for centuries had been exerted to give her the faculty of freedom; but Popery, the wars which it produced, and the public exhaustion produced by those wars, had worn out all the natural excitements of public character. For three hundred years Ireland had scarcely produced a name, except of some barbarous chieftain, rendered conspicuous only by crimes, and ascending into historic remembrance only by treading on the neck of his country. But, from the period when the Parliament began to resume its functions, the people to grow opulent with the increasing opulence of England, and the sanguinary feuds of Popery to give way to a general conviction of the value of peace, a crowd of able men started up at the national summons; practised into moral activity by the labours of the legislature; shaped into the proportions of public manliness by public struggle; and bequeathing to their country the knowledge, that, if Irish talents had been hitherto obscure, it was because they were unsought for; that, like her minerals, they were to be found in every height and depth of the land, and that their uselessness hitherto was like that of her minerals, owing not to the penury of nature, but to the negligence of man.

Grattan's entrance into Parliament is thenceforth an era in the history of his country. He took his seat, for the first time, on the 11th of December 1775, for the borough of Charlemont, in which the death of the earl's brother, who was drowned in the Irish Channel, had left a vacancy. Thus the great Irish Whig, like all the leading English ones, was indebted to the borough system, which they made a hypocritical theme of libel, for the very opportunity of uttering the libel. No popular constituency in Ireland at that time would have received Grattan, simply a young barrister, without fortune or public notoriety. But what the multitude and the Reform Bill never would have done for him, was done by an amiable and intelligent man of rank, possessed of just influence, and exerting it with an honesty and a discrimination which will never be found, to the end of time, in the corrupt and brawling crowd of the ten-pounders of a great town. The members now chosen for London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, the three capitals of the empire, are sufficient proofs of the utter inadequacy of the Reform Bill to provide qualified representatives, and of the sure victory of the vulgar, the time-serving, and the revolutionary. Thanks to the mischiefs concocted by the native virulence and long festering venom of old Lord Grey, aided by the fresh bile of his son-in-law Lord Durham, and put in action by the meagre servility of the menial of both, Lord John Russell!

In 1777, Fox visited Ireland, and happened to hear Grattan in the House. Afterwards, meeting him at dinner at Lord Moira's, (afterwards Marquis of Hastings,) he complimented the young orator on his speech, and quoted some of the passages with compliment. This instance of Fox's habitual politeness made a great impression on him, and probably afterwards constituted one of his strongest links to Whiggism. The newspapers, too, gave him due encouragement; the verdict of one seems to have been adopted by the whole:—

"Mr. Grattan spoke—not a studied speech, but in reply—the spontaneous flow of natural eloquence. Though so young a man, he spoke without hesitation; and, if he keeps to this example, will be a valuable weight in the scale of patriotism."

That Grattan spoke impressively on an occasion so important as his *debut*, we can well believe, for he never spoke otherwise; but that he spoke with spontaneous eloquence, we may as justly deny; for he never did anything of the kind during the long after-years of his parliamentary life. Of all speakers, he was the most laborious in preparation. All his private hours were said, by those most intimate with him, to be given to the study of speeches. And in this we are so far from blaming him, that we honour the vigour of his application. He had a great object—fame—before him, and he followed it with the ardour of a great mind. We wish that the other pursuit of his private hours were less authentic. Harry Grattan was one of the most capital shots of his time. This, in the atrocious fashion of the day, was regarded as a necessity of public life; and Grattan was said to practice it with his customary vigour. Paragraphs and pistols were his daily employment; and it was not to be easily settled which was the more formidable. Cæsar's character of Brutus, *quicquid vult valde vult*, belonged to this little man of nerve in every thing, whether hitting a mark or sharpening a sarcasm, whether satirizing the Treasury Bench or shooting down a minister; and yet his manners were gentle, his personal conduct was blameless, and his whole course of private life estimable. Such are the melancholy contradictions inflicted on men of public life, by the guilty laxity of the law, the feebleness of public morality, and the presumed rights of fashion. All the leading men of Ireland were duellists: to be ready to fight any one and every one, was as much a recognised faculty as the faculty of speech; and this gross and criminal insult to the spirit of all law, divine and human, was the common perpetration of men of all habits, feelings, and professions.

One of those remarkable men of Ireland, who, though scarcely known beyond it, would have been largely distinguished on a larger sphere, was Mr. Denis Daly, an individual singularly gifted by nature and circumstances—of one of the best families in Ireland, a man of fortune, a man of fine ability, and having, in addition to all, the most striking comeliness of countenance and vigour of frame. As a proof his bodily activity, he

was said to have once, for a wager, run side by side with a race-horse at full speed, for two hundred yards. A hundred yards has been sometimes achieved by able performers; but double the distance is a feat which was considered to belong to this strong and handsome athlete alone. Grattan (for we presume that it was his contemporary who has drawn his character) describes him as "noble, liberal, and open-hearted." He had no vanity, but he had pride; he was fastidious, not vain; his pride was that of talent. He had so excellent a manner, that he conciliated every body. Daly was rather a great speaker than a great debater. There were men who possessed more diligence and information, but he surpassed them all in talent. The noble quality of his mind placed him above the level of other men. He made use of the superior genius which nature gave him, to protect the weak: to do so seemed a part of his nature; and if there was a young man in company hardly pressed, he would come forth to his assistance, and throw his shield over him. The positions which he took were generally strong, and his skill in their defence rendered them impregnable. He almost always prepared himself beforehand: no man took more care in writing his speeches, and none so little to preserve them."

We then have a slight sketch of his private habits—perfectly suited to be popular in the country and the time:—

"His hospitality was great, and his entertainments were frequent and agreeable. He was a good classic scholar, and possessed an excellent library; and his books, which were his chief personal expense, lay around in the room where his friends used to meet, and where the resources of his mind vied with the generosity of his disposition."

But another unlucky Irish trait follows:

"His liberality was great, and he left his fortune, in consequence, much encumbered."

It is highly interesting to us thus to find rescued from oblivion, men whose characters form a part of the character of their country. The vast transactions of England throw the public life of Ireland into littleness; but every example of ability and virtue raises the dignity of the general mind, and the remotest corner of an empire may thus add to its intellectual sovereignty. The great weapon of the Irish House was eloquence—it is the characteristic of the country. Ardour, vividness, and passion, are eminently qualities of the Irish mind. Among the rude habits of the lower people, they degenerate into ferocity; among the half-educated class, their soaring is bombast, and their passion eccentricity; and when cultivated by taste, polished by practice, and invigorated by the realities of public life, they have produced specimens of the noblest oratory since the days of Athens and Rome. Grattan, describing Daly's oratory, strikingly speaks of it as "a succession of electric shocks, which followed each other so quickly, that they not only convinced, but subdued the understanding."

Irish Parliamentary life was all scenes: we shall give one. Hussey Burgh, the prime serjeant, and a man of distinguished elegance of mind, as well as learning in his profession, having begun his career as a Whig, and, like every other Whig, having become a placeman as soon as he could, naturally excited the wrath of those whom he had left behind, equally willing, but less successful. His tergiversation was pursued with a bitterness seldom exercised towards the *pirouettism* of a lawyer. The professional allowance of versatility was harshly refused to the treasury convert; and Hussey Burgh, in the end, was tormented out of the world. On the occasion in question, Burgh, the placeman, had voted against an embargo; Burgh, the patriot, having formerly voted for it. Natural as was this little act of conversion, and ready to be emulated by three-fourths of its impugners, it brought down severe reprobation on the prime serjeant. Daly closed his speech by pointing a shaft full at the breast of the barrister.

"The Treasury Bench," he exclaimed, "resembles the grave; it levels all distinctions!"

The man of elegance was perhaps the more severely pained by the polish of the sarcasm, and could merely say, "To receive such attacks belongs to my situation; to deserve them, belongs to myself."

He was much affected on this occasion, and striking his breast, as he sat down by Grattan, he turned to him, and said, "If I live, I will answer it."

He did so; and, says the narrator, in the noblest manner—not indeed by words, but by the most dignified and patriotic conduct, when, after an eloquent speech in favour of his country, on which occasion he electrified the House by the splendid allusion to the volunteers of Ireland and the laws of England, which he described "as *sown like serpents' teeth*, and *springing up in armed men*,"—he resigned his office, and gave up all hopes of preferment.

This is well told; but poor Burgh is only exhibited in the light of that most extraordinary and improbable of all things, a sentimental lawyer. His Whig apprenticeship had evidently been thrown away upon this romancer. We can easily imagine how keenly his former associates must have enjoyed this milkiness of heart, and how unanimously they voted him a simpleton. But with what astonishment must a modern Whig read those records; with what an upturned lip, after his dozen perfidies with half the number of years, must he scoff at the sensibility which could thus be stung by the recollection of a single trip; and, with nothing in his glance but profit at any rate, and place by any tenure, how sincerely must he set down the man for a lunatic, who, on any appeal to his principle, could give up either one or the other!

The character given of his general life is pleasing and graphic. "Walter Hussey Burgh, whose conduct was thus conspicuous, was a remarkable personage. He was an ardent lover of his country, and a man of incorruptible principles; an excellent speaker, an excellent House of Commons man; he was most polished in his manners, but rather vain. He spoke often, and was perhaps the most brilliant man in the House." (This touch satisfies us from whose pencil the whole has come; for while Grattan himself was there, no other man would have ascribed superior brilliancy to Burgh.) "He was the best calculator of questions. He knew better than any other man how to collect the sense of all parties, and to shape a motion that would unite their sentiments. His wit was satirical,



without being severe. He possessed great knowledge, and was a most powerful member of Parliament; so much so, that he was termed the 'Cicero of the House.' By his superior art, he steered clear of all personal altercation. In reply he was excellent, and he thought on his legs better than Daly. When Daly was prepared, he would have surpassed Burgh. Daly's best speech would have been better than Burgh's; but the every-day speeches of Burgh were better than those of Daly. He had practised much in the courts of law, and been spoiled in consequence."

The origin of this spoiling is odd enough. The law courts bordered on one of the great thoroughfares of the city. This compelled him to vociferate, and Grattan tells us that he brought this with him into the House of Commons. We must dispute neither the cause nor the effect. But all our impression on the subject, from the memory of his countrymen whom we have seen, was totally of another order. We had understood that Burgh's voice was one of his most attractive qualities as a public speaker; that it was of a most singular sweetness; and that in consequence it had procured for him the name of "Silver Tongue."

Burgh seems to have pushed all qualities to the extreme. He had a fine figure, and he determined to make it too graceful. Thus he got the name of an "attitudinarian." He was a man of fashion as well as figure; and he must have been singularly fond of show, when he was in the habit of driving his carriage with six horses and three outriders. The consequence was, that though his income was handsome, his success at the bar being great, he died poor, and left his family to the chances of a public pension. On the night when the motion for what was then called "Irish independence" came on, Grattan having heard that Burgh's ill health would prevent him from attending, wrote to him to mention his wish for his support. The answer was, "I shall attend; and, if it were my last vote, I shall give it for my country." When the debate came on, he spoke very well; and after he had finished, he turned to Grattan, and said—"I have now sacrificed the greatest honour an Irishman can aim at." He had lost office before by his speech on the free trade, and now precluded his restoration to it, by his speech on independence. Yet, without desiring to enfeeble this evidence of his merits, it is to be remembered that the party which he now left was virtually the sinking one; that the days of Lord North's Ministry were already sealed; and as a confirmation of the little hazard incurred by a change which instantly gave him all the honours of popularity, and all the prospects too, in less than four years this patriot, who had thus formally shaken hands with office, found himself Chief Baron of the Exchequer. So slight was the fall, and so advantageous the rebound.

He had resigned the Prime Sergeantcy in 1799, and died Chief Baron in 1783; after a too short tenure of office, and in the midst of general regret at the loss of such a man at so early an age; for, varied and active as his life was, and high as he had risen in professional rank and public estimation, he died at forty. Flood, in a brief allusion to his death, in the House of Commons, eloquently spoke of him, as in his lifetime "dead to every thing but his own honour and the grateful memory of his country—a man over whose life or grave envy never hovered—a man ardently wishing to monopolize the service—wishing to partake and to communicate the glory. My noble friend—I beg pardon, he did not live to be ennobled by patent, he was ennobled by nature."

The gallery of the House of Commons in Ireland had become not unlike what the gallery of the National Assembly was yet to become—the dictator of the debates. A mob regularly took possession of it, who applauded their favourite orators, and for whom, of course, their favourite orators spoke. It is enough to say, that the gallery held no less than seven hundred of those critics, more than double the number of the members! Foster, when he became speaker, made a strenuous effort to restrain this very serious evil, by limiting the gallery. Yet, even to the last, this nuisance, equally injurious to free debate and to the legislative character of the House, continued, to a degree which the English House of Commons have never sanctioned. To the last, the gallery admitted a great number of people, and among them females. One result was, that it became a lounge for the idle hours of the wives and daughters of the members, and for other females not less dear to them, but yet not their wives and daughters, training the whole female community into politicians, and embittering every fireside. The public consequence was equally natural: the dignity of debate was wholly lowered by passing under the eyes of those fair spectators. The members were actors upon a stage, the ladies were the audience above. The speeches, repartees, and often the subject of debate, were attuned to the taste of the fair awarders of the palm; and by another consequence, inevitable in Ireland, every trivial dispute, by taking place in the presence of such witnesses, was turned into a point of honour; and what would have been matter of a laugh in the English House, was matter of *pistoling* on the Milesian side of the Channel.

The year 1780 made Grattan at once the most conspicuous man of his country. He had hitherto distinguished himself by great personal activity in the general objects of Parliament, by a bold seizure of public questions, and by a rapid, forcible, and pungent eloquence; but now he stepped forward in front of all his contemporaries, and stepped so far forward, that none of them ever reached him again. Having gained what was called "free trade," he determined to demand what was called "free government." The English Privy Council and Cabinet had hitherto possessed the right of putting a veto upon the laws passed in the Irish Parliament. It was Grattan's ambition to abolish this privilege, and demand that Ireland should be bound only by the laws of her King, Lords, and Commons. In this effort he instinctively took the lead. Never was a measure more wholly the work of an individual. He found his whole party hostile to it as a desperate experiment. "Burgh, Daly, Ogle, Perry, and the Ponsonbys were adverse; they could not be seduced, but they were mollified and afraid, Lord Charlemont, too, was rather timid; but he evinced a delicacy on the occasion, for which he deserved great credit, (Grattan sat for one of his burghs.) He did not, like the rest, seek to dissuade him from bringing forward the motion; he merely recommended

him to consider it well—he thought this measure too bold, and the country not yet ripe for it."

In fact, among the whole Opposition, there seems to have been but one man who stood beside Grattan. The Whig principle is the same at all times. An utter absence of sincerity, a desire to agitate exactly to the point in which it can make itself an object of alarm to government, that it may become an object of purchase; and an utter recklessness of the desperate evils which may be produced by this agitation, while they are startling the minister into that degree of fear which is necessary for his dishonour and its corruption. The Whigs of Ireland, after having inflamed the passions of the people into little short of an abhorrence of England, having perverted the spirit of the volunteers into little short of rebellion, and having trod as closely upon treason as they could, without setting their own feet upon the steps of the scaffold, thought proper to pause, that they might see how far those specious iniquities had brought them within reach of power. But Grattan was of another order: he was sincere, unselfish, and enthusiastic. The delight in his own oratorical success, determined him to follow up the triumphs which he had gained by his eloquence, and follow it up, continually, flashing his brilliant weapon in the eyes of the nation, even though he should follow it down.

Whiggism in England was equally willing to try the experiment of suspended agitation. Whether they had disturbed the country enough, has been for the last fifty years the question of Whiggism; and the question has always been answered by—have we, or have we not, brought ourselves within sight of power! Even the greatest name of men then living had been applied to, and the sanction of Edmund Burke was given to the stoppage of the agitation. But Burke was then in the trammels of Whiggism, and was forced to do its bidding. He wrote a public letter advising a politic tardiness. His language was, "Will no one speak to this madman—will no one stop this madman?"

Grattan was assailed on all sides by the party whom he was now about to throw so utterly into his rear. They applied to Perry, on whose judgment they knew that he had peculiar reliance. Perry, with his old Parliamentary tact, applied to Lord Charlemont, for whose borough Grattan sat. This the old statesman probably thought decisive; for, as the author observes, if Grattan was obliged to vacate his seat, he might not have found it easy to get another. Lord Charlemont's delicacy, however, retarded the application, and Grattan took a very peculiar, but very effective mode of escaping from it. "Having discovered the intention of making it," for it appears that his lordship's delicacy had already yielded to the determination of his party; his nominee left them all behind, abandoned Dublin "to avoid importunities, and secluded himself in Celbridge Abbey." There, with none but his old relation Colonel Marlay, a gallant officer who had seen much of the world, he left his fellow patriots to perplex themselves with wondering what was become of him, and alarm that the game was taken wholly out of their hands. The young orator, whose mind was always of a nobler cast than that of the bustling place-hunters of his party, here strengthened his romance of statesmanship by the romance of nature. The house and grounds of Celbridge had once belonged to Miss Vanhornrigh, Swift's luckless admirer.

"Along the banks of that river, says he, 'amid the graves and bowers of Swift and Vanessa, I grew convinced that I was right. Arguments unanswerable came to my mind, and what I then prepared confirmed me in my determination to persevere. A great spirit rose among the people, and the speech which I afterwards delivered in the House communicated its fire, and impelled them on; the country caught the flame, and it rapidly extended. I was supported by eighteen counties, (out of thirty-six,) by the grand jury addresses, and the resolutions of the volunteers. I stood upon that ground, and I was determined never to yield. I brought on the question on the 19th April 1780. That was a great day for Ireland: that day gave her liberty."

All this is fine language. But what is it more? What but oratorical extravagance could say, or popular illusion believe, that Ireland was without liberty until the year 1780! That a country possessing the *habeas corpus* act, a parliament, freedom of person and property, and governed by the same laws which constituted freedom in England for a hundred years before, should have then for the first time tasted of freedom, now stands before us in all the ridiculous nakedness of a party fiction. It was then not truer when clothed in the tissues of unquestionably a most showy eloquence. Grattan's speech on moving for "Irish independence," was one of his most powerful displays; a beautiful composition, full of great ideas and dazzling imagery, the whole polished with all the laborious dexterity of one of the most skilful masters of language that the world has ever seen. But it must be allowed now, that it was all a romance. He creates the colossal oppressors, among whom he goes forth sweeping his two handed sword. He builds his castles in the clouds, before he launches the thunderbolts that is to scatter them to the winds. He fabricates shadows and scenes with the invention of a great dramatist, and having marshalled and moved the creatures of his fancy onward to an imaginary catastrophe, he sits down, forgetting that the whole is ideal, and that he is the spectator of an empty stage.

In Grattan's famous speech on this occasion, and the series of fine orations which he made before and after on the same topic, if Ireland had been the most helpless and hopeless victim of the most iron tyranny of earth, she could not be painted with a pencil more dipped in colours of despair. If one half of her population were working in fetters, and the other half on the point of exile, he could not have raised a louder wail over the national misfortunes; if her freedom, wealth, learning, and religion had been buried in a common grave, and Grattan had sat alone to perform the national obsequies and record the national fate, he could not have arrayed himself in a more lugubrious robe, or written a more indignant denunciation of her tyrants on her tomb.

We have lived to see all the folly of this declamation. It was in the midst of all this public ruin that commerce was growing tenfold, that the value of all property was increasing, and that corn was swelling like a surge over the soil. It was in a country where man dared not speak, act, or think, that 100,000 men in arms were actually at that moment menacing the Government and dictating to the Legislature; and it was in a Pa-

liament pronounced to be the slaves of ministerial corruption, and the echoes of the British Minister, that a party was hourly declaiming in the most violent terms against the Minister and England, intriguing for place with the most indefatigable effrontery, and proclaiming themselves the true representatives of Ireland, while the Government were but its usurpers.

Far be it from us to undervalue patriotism. But it must not be the patriotism of party—mean, trafficking, and treacherous. Far be it from us, too, to deny the dazzling powers of the great orator. Nothing can be more superb than his abstractions, nothing more sublime than those flashes which, like meteors, not merely throw a sudden splendour on all below, but fascinate our eyes. Yet, what was their gain after all?—a change of phrase, “The King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland,” was substituted for the words, Kings, Lords, and Commons of the British empire. For Grattan, in his wildest dream, never dreamed of separation. That frenzy in some, and fury in others, and conspiracy in all, was reserved for the time when Popery was to sit in the Parliament, and be enthroned in the councils of Protestant England!

We now come to a most important character, Yelverton, afterwards Chief Baron. He had begun life a peasant; had distinguished himself by his classical acquirements in the university; and, on his adoption of the law, had rapidly risen into emolument and fame. On his entrance into Parliament he instantly assumed a foremost rank. “Yelverton was a first rate speaker, nearly the most powerful one in his day. His style was short and strong; he never wandered from his subject, either to the right or the left. He was endowed with masculine understanding, and saw the strong point of everything. But his fire was so ardent, that it quickly consumed the fuel which fed it. He was deficient in his tones and manner, and he wanted taste. Yet, with these accomplishments, his speeches were superior, and even sublime orations.”

His powers at the bar were of the first order. Lord Annesley (Chief Judge) who was certainly not partial to Yelverton, used to say, “that he was the best advocate he ever heard in either England or Ireland.” He carried away the court, the hearers, the jury, while listening to him.” But, with all his prudence, he could sometimes be furious. On one occasion, Fitz-Gibbon (Lord Clare) had attacked Grattan, who was not then in the House; Yelverton started up, and replied to the charges, concluding with these fiery paragraphs,—“If my friend were present, the honourable gentleman would take some time to consider, before he hazarded an encounter with his genius, his eloquence, and his integrity. My honourable friend did not provoke the attack, equally ungenerous and untrue, and for which no justification can be found in any part of his splendid career. That learned gentleman has stated what Mr. Grattan is—I shall state what he is not. He is not staid in his prejudices; he does not trample on the resurrection of his country, or live, like a caterpillar, on the decay of her prosperity; he does not stickle for the letter of the constitution with the affectation of a prude, and abandon its principles with the effrontery of a prostitute.”

The man who raised Grattan first before the people, ought not to be forgotten. We have already said that this most honest of all Whigs, perhaps the only honest Whig that ever existed, came into Parliament originally as member for a borough, under the patronage of Lord Charlemont. The noble lord was the artist who fashioned the future idol and placed him on the altar, to see the sculptor eclipsed by the work of his hands. Lord Charlemont was the balloon, and Grattan the man in the parachute. When it had raised him high enough to catch the popular gaze, the balloon was cut off and let fly into the clouds or the sea; whilst the man in the parachute came down into the popular arms, to be applauded and wondered at and carried in an ovation. But Charlemont was a memorable man. Without power of any kind, large property, or striking talents, he became suddenly the first nobleman of Ireland. Grattan's description of him is grateful, and yet unexaggerated.

“He was the most accomplished man of his day; the most polished and the most agreeable. In these respects he was superior to any person who had yet appeared in Ireland, or probably whom Ireland will ever again behold. His society was charming. He was fond of humour, and occasionally indulged in sarcasm, but never on his company. He was full of spirit, integrity, and public virtue. He possessed ambition, a great love of power, a great contempt for money, the consideration of which never entered into his mind; he was incorruptible. His spirit and integrity would not permit him to yield to Government; but when the people had triumphed, he strove to reconcile the parties, and would not abandon the Government on a question which endangered it.”

His private life was that of an elegant and cultivated mind. “He wrote well; his replies to the addresses of the volunteers were excellent; and while they encouraged their spirit and formation, they gave a regulated tone to liberty. He was a good Latin scholar, and knew Greek remarkably well; he had travelled much, and was well versed in the continental languages. He was fond of poetry, and composed some light and pretty things; his intimacy with Marley, the Bishop of Waterford, encouraged this pastime, and their mutual taste led them to an epistolary correspondence, partly verse, partly prose, full of humour, raillery, and wit.”

It is only due to Grattan to say, that, though combined through life with a tribe who jobbed every thing, he never obtained any office from Government. His fortune was small. “I am,” said he, “one of the poorest of commoners, as Lord Charlemont is one of the poorest of peers. But we will take nothing. I have 500*l.* a-year.” This self-denial had its reward, and deserved to have it. “As the ministers could not purchase me,” said he, on another occasion, “the nation purchased me.” In 1782, on the address of the Viceroy to Parliament, communicating the acquiescence of the English Government in the motion for independence, it was determined to make a provision for Grattan. Mr. Beauchamp Bagnel, member for Carlow, a man of opulence and weight in the country, moved, spontaneously, that 100,000*l.* should be granted, to purchase an estate for him, as a reward for his public services. “But at the request of Mr. Grattan's friends, the mover was induced to alter it to 50,000*l.*, to which the House and the minister agreed.” The reduction was by Grattan's own delicacy. In the first instance, he had intended to refuse any thing, but his sensible old relative, Colonel Marlay, who knew the world better at that time, advised

him to accept it. The money was put into the hands of a commission, who purchased a small estate with it, and, such is the wisdom of many counselors, were said to have made a very improvident bargain. The original grant would not have been too much. Grattan ought to have been placed beyond all further consideration of money. If the House were sincere in its estimate of his services, they were not to be repaid by any sum. If their calculation was to be formed by the resulting value of those services, any sum would be too much. But it was a time of universal illusion.—Ireland imagined that Grattan had broken chains that no other hand could break, lifted her from the ground into an elevation where empire lay before her, and opened the floodgates of a commerce which was to swell with the gold of mankind. Such were the dreams of the hour. But Grattan was a dreamer like the rest, and he deserved to be paid the price of teaching the people how to revel in such magnificent dreams.

## THE YOUTH OF JULIA HOWARD,

OR, FIRST LOVE.

I can hardly comprehend the reasons which have induced me to give publicity to the secret story of my sorrow. My days have been passed in a succession of very ordinary occurrences. They have been disturbed by none of those sudden vicissitudes which are likely to excite the curiosity or sustain the interest of the reader. I am one whom Fortune seems to have lavished all her richest gifts upon. I cannot bring any great calamity to recollection—for I don't remember the death of my mother, but, indeed, I am very, very wretched. There has been a quiet all around me, with which for many years my soul has had no sympathy. The stream of my days has flowed quietly along, but its waters have been dark as they were silent. The shades which sheltered them from the agitation of the winds, have also intercepted the light of heaven, and allowed no gleam of sunshine to play upon their surface. My mind is oppressed—my heart is overflowing. The story I relate is strictly true. I have altered the names of the characters, but the facts I have given exactly as they occurred.—And I send my narrative to the press partly with the view of warning others of the example of my sorrow; but, still more, from a hope of deriving some slight consolation to myself, as I follow the record of my own unhappiness in connexion with another name, and thus share with an imaginary being that burden of sad thoughts which I should shrink from communicating to the confidence of any living breast.

On the death of my mother, my father withdrew himself from the life of profuse and splendid dissipation which he had been leading in London, and retired, with myself and my brother Edward, to the country. This was in the spring of the year 1820. My brother was just ten when this event occurred; I was two years younger than he. My father's sudden abandonment of society occasioned a considerable sensation at the time. His conduct was accounted for in a variety of ways: it was attributed to grief, to vanity, to religion, to insanity, to the desire of literary leisure, and to the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments. For a fortnight, the *recluse*, as he was called, was the constant theme of conversation. For the two first days of the succeeding week, his name yet lingered on the public voice. But then a new subject of interest occurred; and all further curiosity respecting “that extraordinary fellow, Edward Howard,” came to a natural conclusion with the recollection of the person who had excited it. My father seemed to have fixed on the plan of his retirement as a penance for the luxury he had enjoyed in his previous habitation. It possessed no one imaginable recommendation. It was situated in Hampshire; not in one of the beautiful parts of that very various country, but in the most bleak and dreary of its hundreds. The house, which stood at a short distance from the high London road, between Alresford and Winchester, had originally been purchased by my father as a hunting-seat. In his days of ostentation, he had considered such an establishment indispensable; but, as he had no inclination for the chase, and an insuperable aversion to the majority of its votaries, the house had been little occupied by its proprietor, till he arrived in the summer of 1820, with a diminished retinue of horses and of servants, to make it the place of his permanent and economical abode.

Nothing could be more uniform and secluded than the life we led. My father most inflexibly resisted every advance towards a familiar intercourse with his neighbours. At his desire, expressed in my infancy, and never afterwards recalled, the walks of my governess and myself were never extended beyond the grounds. My brother Edward was the only one of us who ever wandered beyond the precincts of our own possessions. He, indeed, was no sooner dismissed from the confinement of the study, than he was away upon some distant excursion; no change of season could restrain his erratic spirit within the range of our narrow limits. He voluntarily undertook the execution of all our commissions to the neighbouring towns. His horse had explored the termination of every lane or sheep-walk, and was acquainted with the airs that circulate about every eminence in the vicinity. He contracted a boyish intimacy with all those surrounding families whose visits had been repelled by the formal and incommunicable manners of my father. The hounds never threw off within ten miles of home, but, as soon as the diurnal Virgil and Homer were laid aside, he found himself conducted into the course of their run by an infallible and irresistible instinct. And when those dreary, drizzling days of winter, which constitute the brightest portion of the sportsman's life, were interrupted by the encroachments of the envious frost, my brother might be found either snipe-shooting on the borders of the neighbouring stream, or beating about the haunts of some devoted wild duck, or skating on the dark bosom of some waters which had formed a lodgment in a hollow of the opposite hills. Of his sister he saw little; but still I loved him with the tenderest affection. I could not accompany him in his amusements, but I derived the only charge that diversified the sameness of my existence from his society, and gleaned all my knowledge of what was passing in the world around me from the account he delivered of his adventures and his sports. Though an unfrequent, he was my only companion. My father dearly loved his children; but his was not a nature which could easily unbend itself to take part in the trifles with which we were interested.—



After dedicating his morning hours to the task of superintending our studies, he, for the remainder of the day, enclosed himself almost entirely in his private apartments. He was as silent to his family as he was distant to his neighbours; at home he was mild and solitary, abroad he was haughty and reserved. With my governess, it was almost impossible to communicate. Miss Simmons was an accomplished machine! Her music was faultless, her singing was in perfect tune, and most elaborately finished; her playing was marked by the most correct admeasurement of time, and the most astonishing brilliancy of execution. But neither one nor the other ever evinced the slightest touch of taste or feeling, which might distinguish it from the calculated movements of an automaton. Still she was excellent according to her nature. She discharged her duties towards me with an exemplary regularity—her pride was interested in my progress. She was not rich, indeed, in the qualities that conciliate affection; but she became endeared to me by habit and recollection. A thousand instances of her indulgence and her patience live upon my memory. Oh, yes, she was good—very good. I loved her dearly; I believe I love her still.

When I was about sixteen, my brother was sent to Oxford. This was the first great event in my life. This separation caused many—the first, and certainly the last—tears of childish sorrow I ever shed. All my after tears have sprung from the source of a more deep, and lasting, and matured affliction.

As soon as Edward had made this his first step towards entering the world, considerable alterations were made in our domestic arrangements. More horses were purchased; a new carriage was ordered; and our somewhat superannuated barouche was repaired and repainted. The plate was summoned from its long repose in the cellar of the London banker. My father found occasion for renewing his acquaintance with several of the principal families of the neighbourhood. It was evident that the object of his retirement from society was accomplished, and that he contemplated a return to his former habits of life. The change was gradually effected, as the circumstance occurred. On my asking him one morning, at breakfast, whether he had any objection to my sending the footman to Alresford—after intimating his consent by a silent inclination of the head, he turned to the butler, and said, "Jarvis, it is necessary that Miss Howard should have a footman of her own." And, in the course of the succeeding week, another servant was added to the establishment. "These curtains," said Miss Simmons, "are most wretchedly faded by the sun." My father looked at them for an instant, and then, casting his eyes cursorily round the room, answered, "Julia, my love, these things must be corrected. You must order new furniture for these apartments. When your brother and his friend arrive, we must cease to be the recluses we have been, and this worn carpet, and these antiquated hangings, would not shew creditably for us in the eyes of our critical and punctilious neighbours."

All our new arrangements were scarcely finished when the long summer vacation commenced. Early in June, Edward returned to us, and his friend, Charles Lydgate, accompanied him. After they had been at home a day or two, my father announced his desire of gathering "some of the neighbouring families around us;" and measures were taken for carrying this scheme into execution. Cards of invitation were sent out for the first of an intended series of dinners. The neighbours, with their lengthy sons and dumpy daughters, were summoned to attend. "We did call for them," and, like the obedient spirits of Owen Glendower, "they did come when we did call for them." But we all, with one consent, voted their presence a disagreeable intrusion—and they came no more, because they were no more called for. My brother, Charles Lydgate, and myself, were sufficient to each other. We read, we rode, we walked, we drew, we sung together. A new light seemed to have broken on my existence:—another and an unknown instinct was awakened in my breast. All my faculties had acquired a keener sense, and were glowing with a touch of more lively and thrilling animation—no moment was found to linger in its course. Those avocations which I had hitherto regarded as the means of merely occupying the hours of the day, were suddenly endowed with the power of delighting them. My favourite authors never appeared so exquisite to me before; I discovered beauties in them which till then had escaped my observation; I caught the deep and latent sentiment of passages which my eye had previously run over without apprehending their import or appreciating their excellence; even the surrounding country began to find favour in my sight. All is lovely that the heart shines upon.

Oh, how rapidly did the four months of that vacation pass away! I have no distinct recollection of any particular events, or of any striking circumstances, that happened; all that I can remember of that time was, the delightful consciousness of loving, and the firm belief that I was loved again. There was the merry greeting when we met in the morning: there was the bright, gay, laughing summer day: there was the glorious sunset; and there was the evening, with its delightful communion of open thoughts and ardent feelings. These are the only impressions that remain upon my memory of that—the happiest—season of my life. But is it not always thus? Are not those ever the brightest periods of our existence which are marked by no strongly exciting incidents, and of which we only remember, when they are past, that they glided quietly away from us, in the blest companionship of those we love?

October—a beautiful October—full of those calm, clear, sunny, autumnal days "which send unto the heart a summer feeling," had now nearly passed away, and the time was come when my brother and his friend were to return to Oxford. We could hardly believe it possible that the vacation was over—it had seemed so long in prospect, so short in retrospect.—The day before our separation was sad and silent; we tried to relieve our melancholy by turning to our former methods of amusement—but they had lost the power of affording us any entertainment. They were taken up in swift succession, and, one after another, impatiently cast aside. As a last resource, we seated ourselves on a sofa by the window; and, while we watched the large orb of the rising moon, appeared to listen to the long and scientific sonatas of Miss Simmons. Her music afforded an excuse for our unwonted silence, and her indefatigable vanity was delighted at being allowed so many hours of unparticipated exhibition. To her, perhaps, those four last months of which we were painfully regretting the termina-

tion, had afforded no occasion of such continued and unmingled satisfaction.

On the morning of their departure, as my father and my brother were busied in directing some alteration in the luggage, Charles Lydgate and I stood together in the portico.

"You will soon forget us," he said, "and all the happy time we have passed together, when we are once away, Julia."

The "Julia" made my heart beat quicker, and called the blush of pleasure to my cheek. It was the first time he had ever called me by my Christian name. Never before, amid all the familiarity of our intercourse, had he ventured to address me by any other than the formal appellation of "Miss Howard."

I did not answer on the instant, and he repeated, "Oh, you'll very soon forget us, when we're gone."

"Indeed I shall not. You are very much more likely to lose the remembrance of my father and myself."

"That I can never do."

Nothing more was said. The words were nothing; but the tone in which they were spoken—the grasp of the hand which followed them—the sudden turning away of his head, to conceal, as I then believed, the tears which he was incapable of restraining—all conveyed to my mind a most moving and emphatic comment. I knew nothing of the world then; and, in my ignorance, I received these words, enforced as they were by the manner in which they were uttered, as a declaration of attachment, and a promise of constancy. With Charles, perhaps, they were little more than the ordinary expressions of compliment and civility; but I unhappily understood them according to the interpretation of my own affections.

In a moment after, all was ready. My brother summoned Charles away. There was much kind ceremony at parting; many invitations to return; innumerable reiterations of the sorrow which the separation caused us. At length the carriage-door was closed—the dreaded start was made. In a few minutes they had passed the gate; and then, very shortly after, even I could no longer catch the sound of the retiring wheels. "They are fine fellows," said my father, with a sigh; "I am very sorry to part with them." I could not answer him, and we withdrew to our solitary occupations.

Thus, before I was out, and was yet in the school-room, the history of my life—of the inward and only important part of life—of that life of love, and hope, and fear, and entire dependency on another for everything of happiness or misery, of weal or woe, had already, unconsciously and prematurely, been commenced.

The sadness which, after the separation was over, I bore with me to my chamber, I then considered as the very bitterest feeling of which the heart is capable. All our notions of sorrow or of joy are comparative. The very condition which would be prized as happiness by those who have long been wretched, would be mourned over as wretchedness itself, by those who have long been happy. What I regarded as misery at that moment, I should now dearly value as repose and peace. The melancholy which then cast its shadow over my soul acknowledged a sympathy with the beauties and solitudes of nature; it had an interest in painting and poetry; it was soothed by music; it was gentle and affectionate to all around me; it was elevated by a sense of undivided and confiding love; and it was cheered by the prospect of no very distant meeting. At Christmas, my brother and Charles Lydgate were to return. Oh! what comfort would it now be to me again to shed the tears, and again to experience the feelings of unembittered tenderness, with which then I sung songs suggested by my unhappiness.

I said that at Christmas my brother and his friend were again expected. I counted the days that intervened—and every night, as I blotted from my pocket-almanack the day which had passed away, I delighted myself in contemplating the diminished number that remained.

During this time of anxious and eagerly increasing expectation, it occurred to me that the winter would no longer be favourable to the pursuits which had interested us in the summer and the autumn months, and that some new methods of passing away our time must be provided. This thought was the source of abundant occupation to me. I busied myself in devising schemes, and collecting materials for our Christmas amusements. I taught myself to play at billiards; I sent to town for every new publication which promised to afford diversion to our long evenings around the fireside; I gathered together the instruments of all the games that are enumerated in the catalogue of domestic sports—and, before the day appointed for the return of Charles and Edward had arrived, I had accumulated a most abundant armoury of weapons to kill time, and had possessed myself of the means of dissipating years of happy idleness for those who loved with as deep, as entire, and as permanent an affection as my own. My mind, continually employed on the holiday term before me, teemed with innumerable inventions for securing and brightening its happiness. I was determined not to be too prodigal of my acquisitions—to conceal them in my dressing-room, where no one ever entered but by my especial invitation; to produce them, one by one, in succession, and not too rapidly; to dispense my treasures with a liberal, but not a lavish hand, as our ordinary resources became exhausted. Every rainy day, every season of languor or depression, every hour of weariness or ennui, every fall of snow, every unoccupied evening, was to feel the cheering influences of my presence. I was to move among the party as some benevolent spirit, who extended her guardianship around them—watching over their welfare, cherishing their smiles, and anticipating and preventing the rise of every gloomy cloud on their brow. Thus rich in hopes, and strong in the means of their accomplishment, I awaited with sleepless and feverish impatience the arrival of the 16th of December.

My father evidently sympathised in all my anxiety for the return of Charles and Edward. He very rarely made any demonstration of his feelings. He seemed, indeed, to deny himself every voluntary expression of what was passing in his heart, as a species of indecorous and ostentatious egotism; but, in spite of himself, his affections would continually betray themselves through his cold, polite, and somewhat formal manners, by signs which were sufficiently intelligible. I could discover, through all

his habitual reserve, how eagerly he looked forward to the commencement of the Christmas vacation.

On the 16th of December—the morning of happy expectation—I was awake long before the dawn, and had descended to the breakfast-room more than an hour earlier than usual. I thought to have found myself alone there—but my father was already down before me. Oh! there is a calm and steady energy in parental love, which disdains to be outstripped by the restless speed of any less sacred or less disinterested affection.—Our breakfast was soon despatched. Without any previous communication, we prepared to walk. We intuitively apprehended the wishes and intentions of each other. Our anxiety to be again in the society of those who were so dear to us, would not allow us to remain quietly within the boundaries of our own grounds; but, rapidly passing through the gates, we directed our course along the high road to meet them. The morning was fair, and clear, and frosty. The earth was firm and crisp beneath our tread. The air blew upon us with a cheerful freshness. The sky was without a cloud. A redbreast was singing loudly, with all the joyousness of summer, from the leafless branches of a mountain-ash. And the sun was sparkling beautifully on the light and silvery frost-wreaths, which, like the hopes of youth, were gradually dissolving round us in their brightness into tears. Our hearts caught the inspiration of the scene. Every object that the eye alighted on afforded us an argument of conversation. Innumerable topics were started and pursued awhile, and then lost sight of in the digressions they produced. Where the fancy failed, the natural gaiety of the moment made up for its deficiencies. And thus we passed at a rapid pace, arm-in-arm, along the London Road, laughing and talking—till, at the end of about an hour's walk, the long-wished for carriage arose suddenly to view, on the summit of an eminence before us. The breathless impatience, the flush of pleasure, the quick fluttering of the heart, the stopping the horses, the bustle of the unexpected meeting, were no more than the operation of an instant. A minute had scarce passed, and the empty chariot was advancing leisurely towards the house. My father, leaning on Edward's arm, was addressing and answering a world of interrogations—and I found myself, without any arrangement of our own, left to follow them under the protection of Charles Lydgate. In that little minute, all my gaiety had evaporated. Love quickens our perceptions, to the destruction of our peace. The flow of my ardent feelings of attachment had been checked by the cold "*Miss Howard*," which was twice repeated in his answer to my expressions of kind welcome. Intimidated and repulsed, my ardent joy at meeting him returned to my own breast, to chill and sadden it. Then I fancied that my reception of my brother had been hurried, and negligent, and unsisterly. Disappointed in him on whom my happiness had become dependent, I grew dissatisfied with myself. Charles and I addressed each other but seldom. The few observations that we made were general and uninteresting. We only constrained ourselves to speak, to escape from the heavy oppression of our silence. My brother, his eyes beaming with delight at being at home again, would from time to time cast a look behind him, and stretch out his hand towards me, and express, by a word or smile, his gratification at our reunion, and then turn away again to listen to the news, or reply to the inquiries of my father. There was no anxiety, no doubt, no taste of bitterness, mingled with the full contentment of their meeting. As we drew nearer to the house, Charles also appeared to be awakened by the associations of the scenes around him to the remembrance of his former feelings. He recurred to the happiness of the preceding summer. He spoke of the rides, the walks, the readings, the drawing excursions, we had undertaken together. Experience has since taught me that his manner of reverting to these circumstances evinced no real feeling—that the language was all conventional—that the tone of voice and the expression of the eye were modelled after the ordinary forms of an unmeaning gallantry. But, at the time, I was deceived by them. In my ignorance of all the polished frauds and authorised dissimulations of society, I could not doubt but thus to dwell with pleasure on times and amusements that were past, was a proof of kindly feeling towards those who were the companions of them. All doubts of his constancy were dispersed, and, before we had reached our home, the airy fabric of my hopes was soaring as perfect and as fair as ever, and my happiness seemed to have acquired an increase of brilliancy from the darkness of the transient clouds by which it had been for a moment overcast.

Charles really was changed in his feelings towards me, eagerly as I flattered myself into a contrary persuasion. And what was the cause of this estrangement? Whence originated this miserable disruption of two young hearts—this blight of an attachment that might have been eternal—this attain to the ingenuousness of his character—and this total annihilation of my happiness? Some months after, I learned all the secret of this diversion of his regard. He had, during the last term, gone from Cambridge to the ball at Huntingdon. His beauty had there attracted the notice of Lady Elizabeth Fordham, a woman long past the bloom of youth, but wonderfully well skilled in preserving the appearance of it. She had high birth, and some fashion. She had lively talents and attractive manners. She was married to an indolent, easy, epicurean husband, who, as long as his dinner and his wines were of the first character at home, was perfectly careless of the way in which his wife amused herself abroad. She enjoyed, moreover, that sort of cracked, but not severed reputation, to which many privileges appear to be attached. It endows the woman who is so qualified with peculiar charms in the eyes of the majority of men; it attracts them in crowds, as competitors for her favour; and renders them prodigal in lavishing upon her the attentions it encourages. Lady Elizabeth Fordham was, to a certain degree, a personage—in the country, she was a very leading personage indeed; and, to one so young as Charles Lydgate, her admiration, expressed, as it was, with a most unblushing candour, conferred a distinction, which was not only extremely gratifying to his personal vanity, but which gave him position among men of a more advanced and certain footing in society. Besides, it made him the fashion. All the young ladies of the neighbourhood, who were of an ardent turn, caught the infection; and, acting under the sanction of such a precedent, became almost as clamorous as Lady Elizabeth in the expression of their enthusiasm. And thus the remembrance of my poor merits was dissipated in the flatteries that magnified

his own; while the love which he had felt himself was lost in the exultant sense of the love which he was the object of in others. Perhaps, indeed, surrounded and courted by those who had already taken rank as women, in the midst of his triumphs over hearts more fortified by the discipline of the world, flushed with his success over affections more experienced in the school of the passions, he became ashamed of his attachment to a girl so young, so simple, and so thoroughly unknown to, and ignorant of, society as myself. Good Heavens, that such things should be! When, at the distance of ten years from the time I am now writing of, I meet Lady Elizabeth Fordham, as I occasionally do at some great London dinners, I cannot discover the slightest trace of the beauty for which she was then distinguished. She has become old, and fat, and gouty. All the charm of her manner has disappeared before an overwhelming selfishness, which is every day on the increase; and which, keeping her constantly on the watch for her own interest and convenience, will hardly allow her to observe the restraints imposed by the ordinary usages and general conventions of civilized life. All her lovers have departed from her. Seeing her, as she now is, I cannot conceive how it is possible that such a person should ever for a moment have fascinated Charles Lydgate. But so it was. I did not hear of it for many months after; and, when told me, I was very slow in believing the report. But how shamefully I am digressing!

After we arrived at the house, the morning was spent in accompanying my brother in his circuit to the various objects of domestic interest. In the evening, the drawings which I had made from our summer sketches were produced, looked at, criticised, and generally approved. We related to each other—with great reservations, indeed, on the part of Charles—such circumstances of interest as had happened to us during the period of our separation. When I call to mind the trifles which I then dwelt upon as matters of importance—the hatching of my canaries' eggs, and the death of my beautiful geranium—and think how childish they must have made me appear in Charles's eyes, after the more impassioned interests, and more exciting conversation, of the society he had so lately mingled with, I feel the blushes of shame burning upon my cheek, and mounting to my forehead, as I write. We afterwards attempted some new music which Edward had brought with him from London. Charles had recommended it. The songs had delighted him, when he heard them sung by a friend of his. He did not say who that friend was.

The three succeeding days were clear, and bright, and frosty, as the day of their arrival. In the mornings, we walked and rode together. After dinner, we were occupied with music and billiards. There was no moment of weariness, and, consequently, no demand upon my treasury of amusement. We were together. I saw him move—I heard him speak—I was continually the object of his attentions; and if the idea occasionally crossed my imagination, that there was an indescribable deficiency in the manner of them, which rendered them less valuable than those I had formerly received, the suspicion was indignantly rejected, as unworthy the generosity and the confidence of a true affection. I persuaded myself that Charles was too excellent to be guilty of inconstancy. My memory assures me that, at that time, my heart was satisfied—my contentment appeared incapable of enhancement; or, if I wished for anything, it was only for a favourable opportunity of discovering the preventions against *ennui* which I had taken, and bringing forward some of my enormous store of books and playthings. Any circumstance would have pleased me, which disclosed to Charles and Edward my past anxiety for their arrival, and the provision I had made for their reception. On retiring to my chamber, the third night after their return, when I looked from my window, and saw the prognostics of the disappearing frost—the absence of the bright and twinkling starlight, and the portentous circle of pale clouds about the moon—I welcomed them as the certain harbingers of an increase of happiness. On awaking in the night, no sounds ever fell so soothingly on my ear, as the regular beating of the rain against my window. And it was with exquisite delight that, when morning dawned, I looked upon the drenched landscape, on the thick mists which were resting upon the distant hills, and on the gray and ragged clouds which were drooping nearer and nearer to the earth, and drifting together into dark and watery masses. My invention immediately set itself to work, in devising a plan for the distribution of the day. In a few seconds, every hour had its peculiar occupation allotted it. As soon as breakfast was over, Charles and Edward were alternately to read aloud from a new volume of travels; while I finished my large drawing of an early twilight view of Winchester Cathedral. This I conceived a serious, fitting, and instructive way of passing the morning. For the rest of the day I had many plans in contemplation; but I left myself free to be guided by circumstances as to the one which should be eventually carried into effect. But the promise of continued rain, which was disclosed in the appearance of the sky, and repeated by the direction of the vane of the weathercock, and assured to me by the barometer, seemed to place me at the very height of my ambition, to invest me with a real superiority over my companions, and to render me the dispenser of all our domestic good or evil, during the long-hoped for time of its continuance.

With these feelings of the most enviable self-complacency, I descended from my dressing-room, bending under the burden of two thick and heavy quarto volumes of travels. It was rather late, and I expected to be rallied on my indolence. I guessed what their observations would be, and was prepared with my answers. I anticipated the repetition of an old joke of Edward's; and was enjoying the laugh which would follow my unexpected retort. The hall clock must have been too quick, for, by its indications, it was past eleven. I hastened my steps towards the breakfast-room; and there the severest disappointment met me. The breakfast was over—the party had dispersed. Miss Simmons was sitting alone in the room, reading the newspaper, and waiting till I should come down. Long before the usual hour, my brother had summoned her, by a request to make breakfast for Charles Lydgate and himself; and they had set off, more than an hour before, to join the hounds, which were to throw off at Tichborne Down. In all my calculations, this contravention to my designs had been altogether overlooked. It had actually escaped my recollection that the field-sports eschew the sunshine, and rejoice in seasons of rain, and gloom, and mists, and dreariness. Or, perhaps, deceived by



the flattery of my own affections, I imagined it impossible that Charles should derive any pleasure from a pursuit in which I could have no participation, and which must necessarily separate him from my society for so large a portion of that time, which was to me so precious and so brief. I am sure that I could never have so acted towards him; and I felt humbled and defeated. I almost immediately withdrew to my dressing-room; and there I locked myself in, and sat down and wept, overpowered by emotions, of which the suffering and the intensity were by no means in proportion to the slight occasion which had excited them.—But so it always is with those who deeply love.

I shall not pause on the events of the next three weeks. All the country were congratulating themselves on the fine scenting days, and the glorious open weather. Every object looked cheerful and miserable without; and, for me, all was equally sad and melancholy within. My time was almost as solitary as before the return of my brother and his friend. They were with us, generally, at breakfast; but they were absent the whole day. Very frequently, they dined abroad. Invitations were pressed upon them by the companions of their morning chase, which they declared themselves incapable of refusing. I never could understand what it was that constituted this incapacity. And, when they did return to dinner, our evenings had lost their original tone of cheerfulness and sociality. Edward and Charles were exhausted by the fatigue which they had undergone in the early part of the day; and I had not energy of heart enough remaining to attempt exciting them to renewed exertions. I was dispirited. I could not apply myself to any of my wonted occupations. I did nothing but wander from room to room, seeking for rest, and unable to find it. My sleep was broken. I had no wish to eat. The colour faded from my cheeks. My father and Edward, in opposition to all my assertions to the contrary, persisted in considering my health affected. I believe Charles Lydgate was not wholly unconscious of the mental anxiety, which was the real occasion of their fears for me. When they spoke of their apprehensions, I observed that he faintly blushed, and that his eyes fell involuntarily to the ground.

At that time I was young in suffering: I have now become inured to it. My soul now seems to have acquired an independence of the body. It can, at the present moment, experience in sorrow, and strengthened by the efforts it has been forced to make, bear up against any kind of injury. It can sustain the pangs of jealousy, it can contemplate the indications of indifference, it can encounter neglect and forgetfulness, and can writhe in secret agony all the while, without allowing the slightest exterior symptom to give notice of the agitation that is passing on within. But, in my earlier years, it was not so. My frame sympathised with every emotion of my breast. And it was not possible that my health should remain unimpaired, while my heart was grieved with the afflicting and irritating sense of an affection unequally returned. During the long, long hours of Charles's absence, I remained in my own apartments. And, oh! how piercing was the agony of my solitary reflections there, as I compared my eager longing for his return to me, with his constant willingness to be away again in the pursuit of some distant pleasure.

My father had determined that I should appear in public, for the first time, at an Alresford ball, which was to take place at the end of the Christmas vacation; and, on the morning before this great event occurred, as I was sitting in melancholy loneliness in my dressing-room, Miss Simmons entered to consult me about some arrangement in my dress for that important evening. She instantly saw that I had been weeping; and, with a tone of affectionate entreaty, implored me to intrust to her the cause of my distress. Surprised, in the hurry of the moment, almost unconsciously to myself, I discovered to her the story of my secret love and sorrow. She had no sooner caught the sense of words, which she seemed to do with difficulty, than she started back, and, for a time, gazed at me with speechless astonishment. Her face lost its look of sympathy, and assumed an expression of incredulous surprise; and when, at length, she recovered her power of giving utterance to her emotions, it was only to assure me that, under such circumstances, I could expect no commiseration from her. The confidence was beyond her comprehension. "The circumstance was quite unprecedented." "Her experience had never extended to the knowledge of so scandalous a solecism in female conduct;" "To fall in love! she never heard of such a thing;" "It was like a housemaid;" "It was a vulgarism;" "It was such a *grossièreté* as she had conceived it impossible for any young lady to commit, who had, from her very infancy, possessed the advantages of her tuition;" "No person, she could assure me, who was at all raised above the very lowest classes of society, ever permitted their affections to be engaged before the marriage-articles were decided on, and the settlements were signed."

I interrupted her voluble amazement with an earnest charge of secrecy. There was no necessity for my urging such a request. "She would not, for the worth of kingdoms, degrade the dignity of the sex by the disclosure of so humiliating an occurrence." After advising me to rid myself of my affection, which she seemed to consider as completely easy and voluntary an act, as putting off my bonnet; and assuring me again that no hint of the subject of our conversation should ever emanate from her, she left me to conclude her consultation with my maid about my dress for the ensuing ball.

The next day was, as I have said, the day of the ball. Charles and Edward dined at Alresford with the Hampshire Hunt, or the County Club, or some other male congregation of a similar description; my father remained at home to attend Miss Simmons and myself. This evening witnessed my first introduction in anything like general society. I had, for years, heard my "coming out" spoken of as an important epocha. It was, indeed, an affair of momentous interest to every individual of the house, except myself.

It was very late when we arrived at Alresford, and the first dances were over. My sensations, on first finding myself encircled by the glare of lights and the throng of company, were, I believe, very different from those which are generally experienced by young persons on such occasions. Every other girl in the ardour of youthful expectation, the excitement of the imagination, the thrilling sense of being an object of remark, the contending impulses of vanity and shyness, the confidence of untired

powers, the consciousness of unattenuated charms, and the glow of delight enkindled by the possession of her first ornaments, is presented to society with all the little pride and coquetry of female nature fluttering at the breast, and regards her introduction to the world as the commencement of a happy story, and the prelude to the fulfilment of a long course of brilliant anticipations.

But of the very, very many, whose fortunes I have seen launched on the stormy and troubled waters of the ball-room—of all the very many whose fate, from the earliest dawn of expectation to its accomplishment or its defeat, has been laid open to my inspection; never have I observed a single individual, who, like myself, came forth from the privacy of the school-room with the die of her existence already cast; and who, in the premature depression of the spirit, contemplated the opening scenes around her, as they exist in their blank and unadorned reality, uncoloured by any of the illusive tints of hope, and unilluminated by any, even the faintest, glow of the imagination.

But, perhaps, this very preoccupation tended to heighten the effect of my introduction. It gave me the appearance of perfect self-possession. I forgot the crowd by which I was surrounded, and was as unconscious, as I was careless, of the observations excited by my presence. Setting no value on the general gaze that followed me, my composure was undisturbed by any of those innumerable and indefinable indications of gratified vanity which are so often seen to impair the grace of youth by giving an artificial character to the manners. I perceived that my father moved with a more stately step, and held my arm closer within his; that Miss Simmons's mouth curled up into a smile of complacency at the right corner; but, till my brother and Charles Lydgate joined us, and began to rally me on what they called my *success*, I had no conception that the visible gratification of my companions originated in any sensation occasioned by my appearance. It has always been inexplicable to me, how my father, with his knowledge of the world and elevation of character, should have taken so much interest as he did in the admiration thus excited by his daughter in the narrow circle of a country assembly-room: but there is a strong analogy between personal vanity and parental pride; and each, in the absence of more valuable praise, will delight itself with inferior flattery.

I was distinguished as the centre of attraction. The few men, with any pretensions to fashion, who were present, were eager to be introduced to me. Lord Botley, a young, and long, and narrow peer, just out of his minority, was quite oppressive with unceasing but silent assiduities. That which is sought by many immediately becomes enhanced in our estimation; and Charles, when he saw that my smiles were courted as an honour, availed himself of whatever distinction they might confer, by renewing and redoubling his attentions to me. He was all, if not more, than he had ever been. My spirits were raised in consequence, from the lowest depths of despondency to their highest pitch of elevation. He danced with me twice, and he danced with no one else. If I was engaged with another, he repeatedly drew nigh and communicated his quizzing remarks upon my partner; and when a set of quadrilles was over, he would invariably accompany me to my seat beside either my father or Miss Simmons.

"Really, Charles," remonstrated my brother, "you must not sit here all night flirting with Julia. The flat-faced Miss Horsham is expiring with jealousy."

"I am sorry for it; but really she must be permitted to expire in peace. I cannot interfere to save her. I have hoped she's very well," and told her "the room is very full," and it's extremely impertinent in the girl to entertain any further expectations."

Nothing could exceed my happiness. Charles was then parsimonious of his attentions. His manner to myself was observed by others. My heart had not misinterpreted its import. Almost immediately after this occurrence, I overheard a whisper from one old lady to another, assuring her that "Miss Howard was to be married to Mr. Lydgate as soon as that gentleman attained the age of twenty-five."

"Twenty-five, dear! why defer it so long?"

"Oh, it's very unfortunate for the young people: but the old Mr. Lydgate, groundlessly fearful of his son's extravagance, lengthened the term of his minority, and has not allowed him to come into possession of his fortune till he is five and twenty."

"Oh, dear, what a pity! Such a beautiful couple, too!"

I knew the whole of this communication to be false; every word was spoken on no better authority than the invention of the speaker, but still it gave me pleasure. It was the echo of my hopes; and my heart received it as the certain prognostic of their accomplishment.

With the return of morning my recently acquired serenity was again disturbed. When the next day broke upon me, all the bright visions and animating thoughts which had been inspired by the events of the past evening were rapidly dispersed. Only three entire days of the vacation now remained; on the evening of the fourth, Edward and Charles were to set out on their return to Oxford. They hunted on the two days after the ball, and on the first day they dined from home. Ignorant as I then was of the little motives by which we are actuated in our conduct towards each other, was it possible that I should have anticipated this; that I could be prepared to find my society courted with so ostentatious a preference at one time, and so carelessly abandoned at another; or that, meeting with conduct so unexpected, and to me so thoroughly unaccountable, I should not very deeply feel it? On the night after the ball (I had not seen Charles all day—he and Edward were out before I had risen, and their clothes had been sent for them to dress where they dined)—as I stood looking down upon the fire, with my hand resting upon the mantel-piece, and my head upon my hand, my father left his book and walked towards me. We were alone in the room; Miss Simmons had already gone to bed, fatigued with the unusual festivities of the preceding evening. After a pause of a few minutes, as if preparing for some serious argument, my father placed his hand upon my shoulder, and, looking at me with an expression of peculiar tenderness, he said, "Julia, there is some oppression upon your mind?"

"No, indeed, father; 's nothing;" and I burst into tears.

"I do not ask you to discover to me any secret, which it may give you pain to utter. I am convinced my child will never harbour any feeling in her heart, which my more severe duty as a father would lead me to insist on a confession of. But am I right?"

"In what, father?"

"You love Charles Lydgate?"

I could not speak, but hid my face in my handkerchief, and wept.

"Your silence," he continued, "is sufficient. My dearest Julia, a friend less sincere would, perhaps, speak more soothingly to you at this moment than I dare to do; but I must be true to you. I have observed him well. My words will distress you; but, trust me, I am not deceived. Your love is not returned. My child, we must strive to deliver ourselves from this affection, or your brother's friend must be our visitor no more. Thank Heaven, after two days they will be gone!"

He kissed me with strong emotion, and I withdrew to my chamber.

The apprehension of never seeing Charles again constrained me ever after to conceal my attachment. Cold as he was, my hopes were in opposition to the conclusion arrived at by my father. Was it possible that he could have ceased to love me? That he once had loved me, I never for a moment questioned, nor do I question it now; but could that love have really passed away, and for ever?

On the succeeding morning my brother and his friend were again led abroad by their insatiable passion for the hunting. I know not what it was, but something occurred which brought the day's sport to an unexpected conclusion, and they came home earlier than usual. I was in my dressing-room, contemplating the store of books and puzzles, and various implements of amusement, which I had so diligently, but so uselessly, collected, and which were piled together in the corner of the room, or lying scattered about upon the chairs and sofas. On their return, not finding me in the drawing-room or the library, and being assured that I was in the house, Edward came up-stairs to seek me in my own apartment. His surprise at the scene before him was extreme. He called aloud for Charles to come and witness it. His friend was in the passage, and instantly obeyed his summons. My brother's astonishment found utterance in a world of laughing interrogations, as he hastily took up and cast away again the several objects which attracted his curiosity.

"Well, but tell me, Julia, what are these all for? Where did they come from? Did you buy them all, or were they given to you? What do you intend doing with them? Do you purpose setting up a bazaar, or are they the subjects of your private studies?"

"No, indeed."

"What are they, then?"

"I collected them because I thought we might have wanted them this Christmas, when Charles—I mean Mr. Lydgate—and you were with us."

"Want them! What did you suppose, Julia, we should have nothing else to do but play with Chinese puzzles, devils, jack-straws, La Grace, battledors and shuttlecocks, and all the exploded sports of the nursery?"

I felt the ridicule; it cast the last drop upon the heart, which was too full already. The tears forced themselves into my eyes,—my voice trembled,—and saying, "I did not think you would have been so very, very much away from home," I endeavoured to conceal, on my brother's shoulder, the pain and confusion which my sobs involuntarily discovered.

As Edward pressed me to his heart and affectionately kissed my forehead, Charles Lydgate gently and kindly shook me by the hand, and I distinctly heard him utter, in a suppressed tone, "Poor Julia!"

That expression reassured me; my tears were dried. The words were suggested by pity, and I mistook them for an intimation of affection. I have since learned to distinguish more correctly: I know now that love and pity are incompatible; that their natures are opposite, the one to the other, and can never coalesce; that pity may linger, and preserve a show of love, after every real touch of tenderness has departed; but that love was never entreated by the voice, and has an instinctive dread of the look and air which are calculated to awaken the sentiment of pity; that love, in short, is essentially a principle of equality, and that pity is the attribute of conscious, and undisputed, and dominant superiority.

"I'm sorry we hunted to-day, Charles," said my brother; "we ought to have given this morning, at least, to Julia. If it is not too late, let us take a ride with her now."

"Very well," said Charles; "let us go directly. Julia, should you like it?"

"Oh, yes; very, very much indeed! Let us ride, as we used to do."

The horses were ordered, and we set out with the idle expectation of recovering the charm and feeling of those hours which we had spent together in the summer vacation.

But the charm was dissipated; the feeling could not be recalled. We were the same party; we pursued one of our favourite tracks. There was a mild air and a clear sky; and there was a fair sun shining upon us, which seemed to cheer the dreariness of winter with the promise of returning spring. Yet still there was a difference, of which all were sensible, and which each endeavoured to conceal. We conversed, but it was by effort, not by impulse. The laugh was constrained; our hearts and spirits were not in unison; and all dreaded lest one or the other should accidentally touch on some discordant string. In speaking, our faces turned towards each other, but our eyes appeared afraid of meeting. Our ride was not very long, for the day soon closed in upon us, and company was expected to dinner. With that company the evening passed formally away. The next morning was consumed by Charles and Edward in preparations for their departure; in the afternoon they left us. On taking leave, Charles reminded me that, at the end of May, we should meet again in London.

So this anxiously expected Christmas vacation was concluded, and so concludes the first part of the "Youth of Julia Howard;" whether any sequel shall ever follow it will depend on a variety of circumstances. I may neither have health nor time to continue my narrative; and it is very probable that, in the present taste for tales of strongly-coloured manners and highly-exciting incidents, this simple record of the story of a woman's

heart may be found so thoroughly destitute of interest to the great mass of readers, as not to afford me any encouragement to tell it to the end.

## THE CONTESSA GUICCIOLI.

AN EPISODE FROM "A PILGRIMAGE FROM FONTAINEBLEAU TO SCOTLAND."

BY MISS HARRIET PIGOT.

On the following night I embarked on board the "Emerald," a vessel which had acquired an unmerited popularity, for it proved to have the roughest vibration of any steamer in which I had ever crossed the Channel, and the most inferior in point of accommodation, like a false emerald of Birmingham coloured glass.

In a small cabin, upon a kind of platform, covered with hard black horse-hair cushions, the ladies threw themselves down promiscuously, where a stewardess, without energy or kindness of heart, left us to struggle with our ills, both mental and bodily.

On the reappearance of daylight I discovered, rising from alongside of me, a personage whose appearance and manner indicated a distinguished foreign origin, and a mind soaring in thought above her compeers. The complexion of this lady was fair as the purest alabaster, her bust inclining to *enbonpoint*; her lustrous auburn tresses strayed in careless negligence adown each side of her face, and the brightness of her hazel eyes seemed to light up the very delicate pale rose hue that suffused her cheeks. She was in the meridian of her life, or, perchance, a little past that splendid epoch of woman's existence; but she still might be compared to those living models which the unrivalled Titian loved to transfer to canvass, with his pencil steeped in those peculiarly soft and luscious tints of colouring. Between us I perceived carefully placed, on which ever and anon she cast an anxious glance, a small circular Indian japan box, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A respectable-looking little handmaid, who had, unremarked by me, reclined throughout the tedious night upon a bench at my feet, now rose to aid her lady in the morning duties of the toilet, and whose presence seemed to impart unexpected pleasure, for she accosted her in French with the kind expression,

"I am glad to see you able to attend me."

I then left the comfortable cabin for the breakfast table. The lady almost immediately followed my example, and seated herself *vis-à-vis*. Her small straw cottage bonnet, decorated with a sentimental knot of very pale pink ribbon, was unpropertioned to the plump contour of her cheeks and bosom; her left wrist only was encircled by a bracelet of the finest gold Venetian chains, that secured a variety of sparkling gem rings on each of her fingers, evident tokens of love or amity. "What are love's treasures," inquires recently an honorable poet—

"Kinglets, and letters, and rings, are its treasures."

The hands resembled in colouring the face, for they were fair, but the fingers were ill-shaped and neglected. Her bosom heaved seemingly with pride, the desire to impress the conviction of her high rank, or her claims to celebrity from the lofty sense of some exclusive distinction of birth, of mind, and heart—some illustrious incident of her life, which exercised a strong power over the imagination, and therefore entitled her to a more exalted position amid the collision of her fellow-beings.

The lady moved on her seat like a restless spirit, taking up each object of the breakfast repast with a dramatic yet graceful *ton*, but with contemptuous glance, as one accustomed to more epicurean fare and more costly service; at intervals addressing me, with the conciliating grace of habitual courtesy, in her pretty broken English, and with those elegantly-turned phrases that demonstrate a polished mind, expressing however, her disgust at the passing scenes, and finally rising precipitately, she quitted the table.

Our immediate neighbours had gazed, listened, and now smiled ironically, insinuating in low whispers among themselves, that "this airified personage," as they styled her, "must assuredly be a French actress." Passing my censure on what I conceived to be an unfounded surmise on their part, I retreated upon deck, where I became too much indisposed for exertion of any kind; therefore I overheard in apathetic indifference the series of surmises and the succession of ill-natured remarks of some gossiping females, and their intelligence that the interesting unknown had thrown upon the table in the cabin some visiting cards, with the title of countess engraved on them.

We had entered the river Thames, and were rapidly approaching the port, when I heard distinctly pronounced a name, and title too, remarkable in the later life of Lord Byron, enough to rouse even the most suffering human victim of steam navigation. Instantaneously I advanced forward, and fortunately encountered the stranger countess at the top of the stairs leading down to the great cabin, holding securely in her hand the japan box thickly studded in mother-of-pearl. With a charming smile she inquired after the suffering partaker of her cabin during the past night. In the reply I addressed her by her title of "Contessa Guiccioli." She started at the mention of her name with evident surprise, mingled with a higher feeling, and instantly elevating the precious box for my more distinct observation, she exclaimed in a pathetic tone, "This was his!" Then, indeed, I looked at it, and with more intense interest, as one naturally looks on a private and precious relic of departed worth, or departed genius.

There was something in my manner that apparently gratified the emotions of her heart; for anticipating my excited feeling of curiosity, she instantly added, "and it contains many of his letters, and also some pieces of his poetry."

"What a treasure!" I intuitively rejoined. "It is not surprising, signora, that you thus faithfully guard the precious deposit, and probably the poetry it contains has never been edited!"

"Not all of it; but some there is."

"How enviable, signora, to have possessed the friendship of such an exalted genius! to have listened, in his hours of leisure, to the confidential overflows of his fine imagination, to have watched the diversities of his character, those strange vicissitudes of mind—the latter a fatal inheritance from his grandsire. What food for memory in later life! but



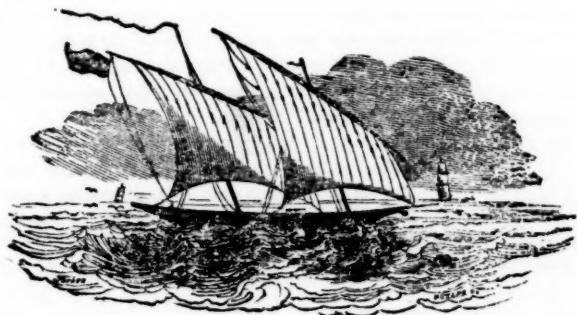
how insipid must appear to you, signora, the general saloon society of other men!"

The contessa seized upon the last observation, repeating it after me, but in a more impassioned tone, and adding, "Insipid indeed! and so I frequently feel, and remark to others." As the same moment she cast a furtive, half-smiling, half-satiric glance on a long taper, spider-like cavalier, whom I then remarked, for the first time, in the assiduous attendance of old or of new acquaintanceship—a temporary cavalieri servante. I gave way to the expression of that chagrin I really felt, that indisposition had deprived me of the advantage and enjoyment of her conversation during the long morning, execrating the Boulogne steam-vessel and its inconveniences. I then learnt that the countess was in the intention of making a short *séjour* in London, which she was accustomed to visit occasionally. Continuing to converse yet a moment longer, I ventured to express my regret that the noble poet had not sought his poetical inspirations among the softer beauties of nature's world, rather than in its wildest and most terrific landscapes, which might have calmed and soothed his irritable feelings, and led his affections back to home, sweet domestic home, that he had so precipitately relinquished, and to the wife of his deliberate choice, then so young, with birth, fortune, taste, and accomplishments, with an admirable fund of calm judgment, gentleness, and diffidence;—and to his innocent child—his little Ida.

The contessa coolly replied,

"This is a subject on which we sometimes conversed, and my lord invariably asserted that he never could account for several circumstances attendant on that part of his life."

At that instant all the annoyances of custom-house prerogatives commenced, their emissaries thronging into the vessel: the women delegated more particularly to have an eye upon all ladies contrabanders trying to evade trade duties, now advanced towards us. The contessa grasped more firmly, and with both her fair hands, her precious box of literary treasures, in fear, apparently, of some recent tax upon poets' intellects from our very liberal, intellectual ministers, and I separated, probably for ever, from that fair creature, who was the *bella gloriosa donna* of Lord Byron.



## THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1839.

### JOTTINGS DOWN.—THE TOURNAMENT.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

The knights were but half called when I accepted a friend's kind offer of a seat in his carriage to the lists. The entire park as we drove along was one vast extent of umbrellas, and it looked from the carriage windows like an army of animated and gigantic mushrooms, shouldering each other in a march. I had no idea till then of the immense crowd the occasion had drawn together. The circuitous route railed in for the procession was lined with spectators six or seven deep on either side throughout its whole extent of a mile, the most distant recesses of the park were crowded with men, horses, and vehicles, all pressing onwards, and as we approached the lists we found the multitude, full a quarter of a mile deep, standing on all the eminences which looked down upon the enclosure as closely serried almost as the pit of the opera, and all eyes bent in one direction, anxiously watching the guarded entrance. I heard the number of persons present variously estimated during the day, the estimates ranging from fifty to seventy thousand, but I should think the latter was nearer the mark.

We presented our tickets at the private door in the rear of the principal gallery, and found ourselves introduced to a very dry place among the supports and rafters of the privileged structure. The look-out was excellent in front, and here I proposed to remain, declining the wet honor of a place above stairs. The gentleman-usher, however, was very urgent for our promotion, but as we found him afterwards chatting very familiarly with a party who occupied the seats we had selected, we were compelled to relinquish the flattering union that he was actuated by an intuitive sense of our deservings. On ascending to the covered gallery I saw to my surprise that some of the best seats in front were left vacant, and here and there along the different tiers of benches, ladies were crowding excessively close together, while before or behind them there

seemed plenty of unoccupied room. A second look shewed me small streams of water coming through the roof, and I found that a dry seat was totally unattainable. The gallery held about a thousand persons, (the number Lord Eglinton had invited to the Banquet and Ball) and the greater part of these were ladies, most of them in fancy dresses, and the remainder in very slight *demi-toilette*—every body having dressed apparently with a full reliance on the morning's promise of fine weather. Less fortunate than the multitude outside, the Earl's guests seemed not to have remembered umbrellas among the necessities of a tournament—the demand for this despised invention was sufficient, (if merit were ever rewarded) to elevate it forever after to a rank among chivalric appointments. Substitutes and imitations of it were made of swords and cashmeres, and the lenders of veritable umbrellas received smiles which should induce them, one would think, to carry half a dozen to all future tournaments in Scotland. It was pitiable to see the wreck going on among the perishable elegancies of Victorine and Herbault—chip hats of the most faultless *tournure* collapsing with the wet; starched ruffs quite flat; dresses passing helplessly from "Lesbia's" style to "Nora Creina's;" shawls tied by anxious mammas over chapeau and coiffure, crushing pitilessly the delicate fabric of months of invention; and, more lamentable still, the fair brows and shoulders of many a lovely woman, proving with rainbow clearness that the colours of the silk or velvet composing her head-dress were by no means "*fast*." The Irvine archers, by the way, who as the Queen's body-guard were compelled to expose themselves to the rain on the staircase, resembled a troop of New Zealanders with their faces tattooed of a delicate green; though as the Lincoln bonnets were all made of the same faithless velvet, they were fortunately streaked so nearly alike as to preserve the uniform.

After a brief consultation between the rheumatisms in my different limbs, it was decided (since it was vain to hope for shelter for the entire person) that my cloth cap would be the best recipient for the inevitable wet; and selecting the best of the vacated places, I seated myself so as to receive one of the small streams as nearly as possible on my organ of firmness. Here I was undisturbed, except that once I was asked, (my seat supposed to be a dry one) to give place to a lady newly arrived, who receiving my appropriated rivulet in her neck, immediately restored it to me with many acknowledgements, and passed on. In point of position, my seat, which was very near the pavilion of the Queen of Beauty, was one of the best at the tournament, and, diverting my aqueduct by a little management over my left shoulder, I contrived to be more comfortable, probably, than most of my shivering and melancholy neighbours.

A great agitation in the crowd, and a dampish sound of coming trumpets, announced the approach of the procession. As it came in sight and wound along the curved passage to the lists, its long and serpentine line of helmets and glittering armour, gonfalons, spear points, and plumes, just surging above the sea of moving umbrellas, had the effect of some gorgeous and bright scaled dragon swimming in troubled waters. The leaders of the long cavalcade pranced into the arena at last, and a tremendous shout from the multitude announced their admiration of the spectacle. On they came toward the canopy of the Queen of Beauty, men at arms, trumpeters, heralds and halberdiers, and soon after them the King of the Tournament with his long scarlet robe flying to the tempest, and his rearing palfrey straining every nerve to shew his pride and beauty. The first shout from the principal gallery was given in approbation of this display of horsemanship as Lord Londonderry rode past, and considering the damp state of the enthusiasm which prompted it, it should have been considered rather flattering. Lord Eglinton came on presently, distinguished above all others no less by the magnificence of his appointments, than by the ease and dignity with which he rode and his knightly bearing and stature. His golden armour sat on him as if he had been used to wear it, and he managed his beautiful charger, and bowed in reply to the reiterated shouts of the multitude and his friends, with a grace and chivalric courtesy which drew murmurs of applause from the spectators long after the cheering had subsided.

The Jester rode into the lists upon a grey steed, shaking his bells over his head, and dressed in an odd costume of blue and yellow, with a broad flapped hat, ass's ears, etc. His character was not at first understood by the crowd, but he soon began to excite merriment by his jokes, and no little admiration by his capital riding. He was a professional person, I think it was said, from Astley's, but as he spoke with a most excellent Scotch "burr," he easily passed for an indigenous fool. He rode from side to side of the lists during the whole of the tournament, borrowing umbrellas, quizzing the knights, etc. etc.

One of the most striking features of the procession was the turn-out of the Knight of the Gael, Lord Glenlyon, with seventy of his clansmen at his back in plaid and philibeg, and a finer exhibition of calves (without a joke) could scarce be desired. They followed their chieftain on foot, and when the procession separated, took up their places in line along serving the palisade, as a guard to the lists.

After the procession had twice made the circuit of the enclosure, doing obeisance to the Queen of Beauty, the Jester had possession of the field while the Knights retired to don their helmets (hitherto carried by their Esquires) and to await the challenge to combat. All eyes were now bent upon the gorgeous clusters of tents at either extremity of the oblong area, and in a very few minutes the herald's trumpet sounded, and the "Knight of the Swan" rode forth, having sent his defiance to the "Knight of the Golden Lion." At another blast of the trumpet, they set their lances in rest, selected opposite sides of the long fence or barrier running lengthwise through the lists, and rode furiously past each other the fence, of course preventing any contact except that of their lances. This part of the tournament (the essential part, one would think) was, from the necessity of the case, the least satisfactory of all. The Knights, though they rode admirably, were so oppressed by the weight of their armour, and so embarrassed in their motions by the ill-adjusted joints, that they were like men of wood, unable apparently even to raise the lance from the thigh on which it rested. I presume no one of them, either saw where he should strike his opponent, or had any power of directing the weapon. As they rode close to the fence, however, and a ten foot pole was laid nearly off in two or three places was laid crosswise on the legs of each, it would be odd if they did not come in contact; and the least shock of course splintered the lance—in other words, finished what was begun by the carpenter's saw. The great difficulty was to ride at all under such tremendous weight and manage a horse of spirit, totally unused both to the weight and the clatter of his own and his rider's armour. I am sure that Lord Eglinton's horse, for one, would have bothered Ivanhoe himself to "bring to the scratch," and Lord Waterford's was the only one that, for all the fright he showed, might have been selected, (as they all should have been) for the virtue of having peddled tin-ware. These two Knights, by the way, ran the best career. Lord Eglinton, malgré his bolter, coming off the victor.

The rain, meantime, had increased to a deluge; the Queen of Beauty sat shivering under an umbrella; the Jester's long ears were water-logged, and lay flat on his shoulders, and everybody in my neighbourhood had expressed in some shape or other a wish for a dry seat and a glass of sherry. The word "banquet" occurred frequently, right and left; hopes for "mulled wine or something hot before dinner" stole from the lips of a mamma on the seat behind, and there seemed to be but one chance for the salvation of health predominant in the minds of all, and that was drinking rather more freely than usual at the approaching banquet. Judge what must have been the astonishment, dismay, vexation, and despair of the thousand wet, shivering, and hungry candidates for the feast, when Lord Eglinton rode up to the Gallery unhelmeted, and delivered himself as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—I had hoped to have given you all a good dinner; but to my extreme mortification and regret, I am just informed that the rain has penetrated the banquetting pavilions, and that, in consequence, I shall only be able to entertain so many of my friends as can meet around my ordinary table."

—About as uncomfortable a piece of intelligence to some nine hundred and sixty of his audience as they could have received, short of a sentence for their immediate execution.

To comprehend fully the disastrous extent of the disappointment in the principal gallery, it must be taken into consideration that the domicils, fixed or temporary, of the rejected sufferers, were from five to twenty miles distant—a long ride at the best, if begun on the point of famishing, and in very thin and well saturated fancy dresses. Grievance the first, however, was nothing to grievance the second, viz:—that from the tremendous run upon post horses and horses of all descriptions during the three or four previous days, the getting to the tournament was the utmost that many parties could achieve. The nearest baiting-place was several miles off, and in compassion to the poor beasts, and with the weather promising fair on their arrival, most persons had consented to take their chance for the quarter of a mile from the lists to the castle, and had dismissed their carriages with orders to return at the close of the banquet and ball—*daylight the next morning!* The Castle, everybody knew, was crammed from "donjon keep to turret top," with the relations and intimate friends of the noble Earl, and his private table could accommodate no more than these. To get home was the inevitable alternative.

The rain poured in a deluge. The entire park was trodden into a slough, or standing in pools of water. Carts, carriages, and horsemen, with fifty thousand flying pedestrians, crowding every road and avenue! How to get home with a carriage! How the deuce to get home without one!

A gentleman who had been sent out on the errand of Noah's dove by a lady whose carriage and horses were ordered at four the following morning, came back with the mud up to his knees, and reported that there was not a wheelbarrow to be had for love or money. After threading the crowd in every direction, he had offered a large sum in vain for a one-horse cart! Night was coming on meantime very fast, but absorbed by the distress-

ses of the shivering groups around me, I had scarce remembered that my own invitation was but to the banquet and ball, and my dinner consequently nine miles off at Ardrossan. Thanking Heaven that, at least, I had no ladies to share my evening's pilgrimage, I followed the Queen of Beauty down the muddy and slippery stair-case, and when her Majesty had stepped into her carriage, I stepped over ankles in mud and water, and began my wade toward the castle.

Six hours of rain, and the trampling of such an immense multitude of men and horses had converted the soft and moist sod and soil of the park into a deep and most adhesive quagmire. Glancing through the labyrinth of vehicles on every side, and seeing men and horses standing with their feet completely sunk below the surface, I saw that there was no possibility of shieing the matter, and that wade was the word. I thought at first that I had a claim for a little sympathy on the score of being rather slenderly shod—(the impalpable sole of a patent leather boot being all that separated me from the sub-soil of the estate of Eglinton)—but overtaking presently a party of four ladies who had lost several shoes in the mire, and were positively wading on in silk stockings, I took patience to myself from advantage in the comparison, and thanked fate for the thinnest sole, with upper leather to keep it on. The ladies I speak of were under the charge of a most despairing looking gentleman, but had neither cloak nor umbrella, and had evidently made no calculations for a walk. We differed in our choice of the two sides of a slough, presently, and they were lost in the crowd, but I could not help smiling with all my pity of their woes, to think what a turning up of prunella shoes there will be, should Lord Eglinton ever plough the chivalric field of the tournament.

As I reached the castle, I got upon the Macadamized road, which had the advantage of a bottom *somewhere*, though it was covered with a liquid mud, of which every passing foot gave you a spatter to the hips. My exterior was by this time equally divided between water and dirt, and I trudged on in comfortable fellowship with farmers, coal-miners, and Scotch lasses—envying very much the last, for they carried their shoes in their hands, and held their petticoats, to say the least, clear of the mud. Many a good joke they seemed to have among them, but as they spoke in Gaelic, it was lost on my Sassenach ears.

I had looked forward with a faint hope to a gingerbread-and-ale cart which I remembered having seen in the morning, established near the terminus of the rail-road, trusting to refresh my strength and patience with a glass of any thing that goes under the generic appellation of "summat;" but though the cart was there, the gingerbread shelf was occupied by a row of Scotch lasses crouching together under cover from the rain, and the pedlar assured me that "there was na a drop o' speerit to be got within ten mile o' the castle." One glance at the rail-road, where a car with a single horse was beset by some thousands of shoving and fighting applicants, convinced me that I had a walk of eight miles to finish my "purgation by" tournament, and as it was getting too dark to trust to any picking of the way, I took the middle of the rail-track, and set forward.

"Oh, but a weary wight was he,  
When he reached the foot of the dogwood tree."

Eight miles in a heavy rain, with boots of the consistence of brown paper, and a road of alternate deep mud and broken stone, should entitle one to the green turban. I will make the pilgrimage of a Hadji from the "farthest Ind" with half the endurance.

I found my Liverpool friends over a mutton-chop in the snug parlour of our host, and with a strong brew of hot toddy, and many a laugh at the day's adventures by land and water, we got comfortably to bed "somewhere in the small hours." And so ended the great day of the tournament.

N. P. W.

#### UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL FROM ENGLAND.

The short passages of the Steam Ships, and their regularity in sailing, have had the effect to take away nearly all interest in our beautiful Packets, so far as they are a medium of communicating news across the Atlantic. But now and then a remarkably short passage of some one of them, surprises us into admiration of their excellence, and affords us a modicum of news that is none the less welcome from being unexpected.

Such was the case on Wednesday, when the packet ship *Oxford*, Capt. Rathbone, arrived, bringing Liverpool dates of the 21st, being three days later than brought by the Great Western.

The intelligence is no otherwise important than it shows that the same commercial troubles continue, and that there seems to be but little hope indulged on the other side, that this state of affairs will be shortly amended. The *Spectator* asks, in relation to the present gloomy aspect of affairs, the following pertinent question:—"Industry, intelligence, experience, land and raw produce in abundance on one side of the Atlantic; capital and mechanical skill on the other; both countries brought so closely together by the magical powers of steam, the interchange of commodities is easy and not expensive; how does it happen that we hear of nothing but distress, embarrassment, and anxiety for the future?"



In respect to the affairs of Turkey and Egypt, it is now understood that Russia has convinced the English government of the necessity of standing by the Sultan, should Mehemet Ali proceed to extremities; and in case of his advancing toward Constantinople, a Russian army will be sent to the assistance of the young Sultan, as the only means to control the populace and the disaffected. On the other hand, it is rumored that the proposals of Russia to the British government have been rejected.

The difficulties between the Chinese authorities and Captain Elliott, in regard to the Opium trade, have engaged the serious attention of England. Lord Palmerston so far supports the views of Captain Elliott, as to have expressed a very distinct wish that no further dealings should take place between the two nations, otherwise than upon the most clearly defined principles. The Chinese are so little to be found fault with, in the stand they have taken against the contraband traffic in opium, that concession on their part is not to be expected; and the trade are, consequently, prepared for a continuance of the existing difficulty, and suspension of all intercourse for several months to come.

The French papers afford little that is interesting. It is said that the ministers of the Crown were divided in opinion in regard to the proper disposition of Don Carlos,—Marshal Soult recommending that the unfortunate Prince be left entirely at liberty, and the other members of the Cabinet insisting on continuing the present system of *surveillance*. This caution is no doubt elicited from the fact, that Cabrera is still displaying extraordinary activity, and seems to be resolved against submission. The fidelity of his troops, however, is doubtful, and it was expected that Espartero would shortly encounter him.

The Minister of finance, it is said, is about to propose an establishment for the Duke de Nemours thus pleasing the court, and as an offset for the gratification of the people, to reduce the five per cents.

The English and French fleets are lying together off Tenedos, apparently in much amity, both receiving additions.

Such is the summary of intelligence brought by the Oxford, which is rendered less interesting from the momentarily expected arrival of the British Queen. She is presumed to have sailed on the 1st inst., and will no doubt bring us the Magazines for November, and all the papers inclusive from the 19th ult., to the day of sailing.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.—We had but just noticed the circumstance that this far-famed story was concluded—a fact brought by the Great Western—when we found upon our table the entire volume, handsomely put up in boards, and illustrated, having been issued from the press of Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, and for sale in this city at Wiley and Putnam's.

It is quite unnecessary to enter on the merits of this popular work—its character and its interest are nearly as well known as the best novel that ever came from the pen of Scott. The only inquiry in these hard times is, where the complete work may be obtained for the least sum of money. Having indicated thus much, we can say nothing more to enhance its acknowledged worth nor the rapidity of its sale.

COUNT DUMAS'S MEMOIRS OF THE REVOLUTION, THE EMPIRE AND THE RESTORATION.—II Volumes; Published by Lea and Blanchard—For Sale at Wiley and Putnam's.

These volumes derive much of their interest from the personal participation of the author in all the eventful scenes which he attempts to describe. He was with La Fayette in America, and shared in some of the most stirring incidents of our Revolution. His activity and his situation after his return to France made him familiar with all the barbarities and horrors of those days of anarchy, and his subsequent elevation and continuance in the army of Napoleon enabled him to detail with much exactness the campaigns, the victories, and the disasters of that "child of destiny." We have read these volumes hurriedly, but lay them down with the impression that they will be found particularly amusing to the young, and to those who would refresh their memories with incidents and reflections familiarly recorded by the pen of an old soldier.

MR. SIMMONS'S HISTORICAL LECTURES.—Beautiful and eloquent as are this gentleman's critical discourses on literature, we are inclined to believe that his lectures on the early history of the American Colonies will prove more generally popular than any he has before pronounced in this city. It is a theme full of romance, rich in the poetry of noble deeds, and few scholars in our country know better than the accomplished lecturer how to use these qualities to give interest and variety to his record of events dear to every American. Mr. Simmons's second lecture will be delivered on Tuesday next at the Hall in Crosby-street.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE AND PICTURES OF THE FRENCH, DRAWN BY THEMSELVES.—Shortly after the appearance in London of that deservedly popular publication, whimsically called "Heads of the People," and which gave employment to many of the most ready, sketchy, and spirited writers in England, there was published in Paris a singular work, taking off the corresponding classes of the society in the French capital. The

several sketches and portraiture were the production of distinguished authors, who seem to have vied in honourable rivalry to surpass each the other in elegance of style, the graces of diction, and the truthfulness of their pictures. The French work surpasses its prototype in every respect. There is greater delicacy of colouring—a more elaborate finish, and a keener edge to the satire, than characterises the English work. So sensible are the London publishers of the merits of these sketches, that they have translated, reprinted, and illustrated, after the French style, all the numbers thus far, and find for them numerous readers on their side of the Channel. The readers of the Corsair will recollect three stories which we pirated from the Heads of the People—"The Spoiled Child," "The Lion of a Party," and "Captain Rook and Mr. Pigeon,"—all of which we believe were read with pleasure. Through the attention of our ally in London we have received copies of the French work, and have the satisfaction of presenting our friends this week with a specimen picture—The Parisian Lady—from the pen of the celebrated Balzac. It should be accompanied with a print was it possible to imitate with any success the delicacy and finish of the superb original illustration. As it is, however, we entirely mistake the taste of our fair readers if they do not pronounce the "Parisian Lady" one of the most perfect "drawing from nature" that ever was embodied in language.

THE LYCEUM LECTURES will commence on Thursday evening, 21st instant, at the Broadway Tabernacle, and continue on the same evening of each week during the winter. The subject proposed, and the character of the Lecturers, will doubtless render the design of the Directors highly popular, and advance the object of the institution.

THE ANNUAL METEORIC ILLUMINATION.—The remarkable fact, that this atmospheric phenomenon has taken place for the last few years on the 12th of November, induced many of the curious and scientific "to out set the stars" on Tuesday night, watching the "planetary systems" with all the eagerness of the most devoted astrologers. The night was favourable for observation, and every now and then some wayward star would shoot madly from his orbit, giving promise of approaching meteors. Yet few came to be compared in size and glory with those of former years. As morning drew nigh, a troop of these restless wanderers came up from the South West—radiant with ignition—and darting through the earth's atmosphere, seemed to explode, sending an illumination through the entire firmament. Many single meteors were observed in every quarter of the heavens, but they were evidently stragglers from the main body, and no sooner did they come within the reach of mortal vision, than they seemed to check their furious career mid-heavens, emit one dazzling flash of intense light, then plunged into utter darkness like an affrighted bird.

We have not yet heard of the astrologers of New Haven, who heretofore have been peculiarly favoured with these "heavenly visions," yet we take it for granted that they too have been disappointed in seeing their annual visitants from the sky.

FRENCH CLASS FOR LADIES.—It has become so important a branch of female education to acquire the French language so as to speak it with facility, that to learn of an opportunity to do so, under the instruction of accomplished teachers, must be an acceptable piece of information to our fair readers in this city. M. & Madame Guillet are now forming a class of ladies at their rooms, No. 10, Barclay Street, where they propose to give every facility in the acquirement of the French, which long experience in teaching will enable them to afford with unusual advantages. The elevated character sustained by both, and their familiarity with the literature of France, are sufficient guarantees of the respectability of those admitted into the class, and of their own capability to bestow the most satisfactory instruction on their pupils.

## The Theatre.

### THE PARK.

The times must indeed be dull and the pressure severe, when entertainments, like those of the past week, fail to attract great houses at a Theatre so favourably located as the Park. Opera—Comedy—and Ventriloquism on the same evening, and each department sustained by acknowledged talents, have only drawn moderate houses, yet the applause bestowed on the several performances indicates a just appreciation of their merits. Seldom, if ever, has the Park mustered such a force of vocal power, and the success which attended the introduction of Fidelio by this Troupe is alone sufficient to justify the encomiums that have been bestowed on subsequent performances in other and more familiar operas. La Gazza Ladra and Fra Diavolo have been produced this week, and were very effectively rendered. They have no doubt been better performed in this city, and on the same boards, but we do not know that this circumstance should prevent our enjoying such gems and such scenes as are

executed with infinite taste and great power by the present company of vocalists. Mrs. Martyn and Miss Poole have received much applause in portions of these operas, where nothing short of great science and the most finished execution would have elicited a single "bravo." Giubilei, in every thing he has attempted, has shown himself an artist of the very first class, with a voice unsurpassed for richness and depth of tone. Martyn is far above mediocrity, and Manvers, when well, has shown himself possessed of power and talent adequate to the faithful expression of the most passionate strains. With artists of such capabilities no opera can suffer much in the representation, while there will be found many beauties and many exquisite passages that will haunt the memory for days.

Mr. Chapman, the new comedian, is allowed to have made a hit, and as his line is the broadest style of humour, he is quite an acquisition in these sober, long-faced times. We agree that he is "a funny fellow," but he should never be likened to glorious Jack Reeve, who was the very personification of all that was gladsome, gay, and droll, and so rich and overflowing with fun and humour, that it peeped out at his very elbows. Chapman is one of your stoical loafers, dry and crusty, laugh-provoking to be sure, but making use of entirely different means to accomplish his purpose.

M. Alexandre has given us a new taste of his quality in "The Inn-keeper of Calais," and by all admirers of the marvellous he is esteemed the most adroit personifier of entirely opposite characters, and the best ventriloquist that has ever appeared in this country.

#### THE NATIONAL.

The return of Mr. Forrest to the boards of any Theatre in this city, has hitherto been accompanied with the most marked and decided success.—That such has not been the case during his present engagement at the National, is to be attributed to the most obvious causes—the hard times, and the location of the House. His audiences are not thin, but they are not so overflowing as he has been accustomed to attract.

During his last engagement at the National, Mr. Forrest achieved one of the most brilliant triumphs in his whole career as an actor, and it was the more admirable because so entirely unexpected. On his return, therefore, to this house, it was judiciously determined to afford his admirers the opportunity of welcoming him back in a character which, on this side the Atlantic, he has made exclusively his own. Mr. Bulwer's Drama of Richelieu was accordingly announced for Monday, and Mr. Forrest as the Great Cardinal fulfilled every expectation of his friends by his masterly personation. The interest produced by this play is completely absorbing throughout. The spectator is constantly watchful of every passing scene, and at certain points the events become so critical and momentous, and the fate of the wily priest depends on stratagems so uncertain of success, that the feelings and attention of the audience are excited and concentrated to a degree that is almost painful. The plots and counterplots of the sagacious old courtier are at length crowned with success; his enemies are utterly defeated, and the king acknowledges his influence and his worth. Then it is, that Mr. Forrest breaks out into one of the most terrific exhibitions of dramatic power we ever witnessed. He absolutely revels in his victory, and with almost satanic malignity jeers and laughs to scorn the foes who but a few moments before, seemed to have prostrated him forever. We commend the Richelieu of Mr. Forrest to all lovers of theatrical excitement, as one of his very best personations, and we are much mistaken if it will not be pronounced the most powerful of all the characters he has yet attempted, in the modern drama. We have not time to notice the other performances of this gentleman, but can merely say they are received with usual approbation.

**GRAND CONCERTS.**—The Concerts given by Miss Shirreff and Mr. Wilson at the City Hotel surpass any thing of the kind that has been offered to our citizens this autumn. The capacious hall has been filled to overflowing, and the brilliant throng seemed delighted with the selections and the execution of the music. A concert of this kind is a rich treat to those who are fond of music, yet have some objection to visiting the Theatre, and we hope the decided success attending them will induce a repetition of an entertainment so evidently acceptable to all classes, and so likely to foster a taste for the purest style and the best music.

**MR. KEAN'S RECEPTION IN BOSTON.**—We are much pleased to observe in the Boston papers that, notwithstanding the excitement of their election, Mr. Kean received the most flattering evidence of the regard and remembrance in which he is held by his old admirers in that city. The house was crowded with a brilliant company, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. He appeared in Hamlet, and the Press seems to be unanimous in according to him the highest praise. It is peculiarly gratifying to the friends of Mr. Kean here, that such has been his reception in Boston, for no where is the highest order of talent, in any profession, more readily

acknowledged and appreciated, or more amply rewarded than by the discriminating and enthusiastic Bostonians.

**ANOTHER LEAP FROM THE MONUMENT.**—Our readers will remember the case of a young woman who committed suicide by throwing herself from the London Monument a few weeks since. We observed in some English paper, at the time, a caution to the keeper of the monument, advising him to be on the look-out to prevent a similar occurrence, it being well known to the profession, that any circumstance of this kind has a most extraordinary effect on individuals suffering under depression of spirits or monomania,—often engendering in such, an uncontrollable propensity to imitate the fatal act. Such has been the case in London.

A boy but fifteen years of age, apparently in good health, and of sound mind, repeated the appalling deed with the same results.

It appears his name is Hawes. About five in the afternoon he ascended the Monument, with four other persons, who soon afterwards came down. Two ladies then went up; and on coming down, said to Jenkins, the porter, "There's only a boy up now." At that instant the falling body of the boy was seen, and Jenkins said—"Ah, poor fellow, he's down now!" Several persons in the street had seen him climb over the iron breast-work of the gallery, stand upon the edge of the coping outside for about a minute, and then leap down. The body reached the ground about forty feet from the base of the column. The back of the head was smashed; both legs were broken, one at the socket of the thigh; but the face was not even scratched. The corpse was taken to St. Magnus's Deadhouse, and there recognized by one of the St. Ann's scholars. The Bible presented to Hawes at school was found on the floor of the gallery; some passages relating to death were underscored.

**FIELD OF WATERLOO AT NOON ON THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.**—On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth;—and the surface, trodden down by the cavalry and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire arms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments; lancer caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every colour, plume, and pennon; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles; but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field? Each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle.

Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amidst its desolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers, and wives, and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt of recognising individuals difficult, and, in some cases, impossible.

In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen, in the bootless essay, by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on, you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horse of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay, side by side, together, and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer.

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with dead, and trodden fetlock-deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favoured corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up; and here the bayonet closed the contest.

#### FOREIGN EXTRACTS.

**MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.**—The following appeared in the *Globe* of last night, in reference to the assembling of Parliament, and bears an official stamp:—"Some very absurd speculations have been afloat, and have been published in several journals, as to the probability of an early assembling of Parliament. We are able to state most positively, that as there exists no reason for such a course, so there is no intention of adopting it. Parliament will be prorogued as usual in a few days; and will not assemble until the usual time in the coming year."

**THE COURT.**—The principal occurrence at Windsor Castle, this week, has been a fire in the chimney of one of the offices. The routine of walks, rides, and dinners, is kept up by the Queen and her guests with so much regularity, that the reports of the Court historian might almost be stereotyped. It is not to him we are indebted for the account of that vulgar accident—a chimney on fire. He would never commit the indecorum of



mixing up the names of Lords and Ladies, far less that of Royalty itself, with those of the Castle sweep and washerwoman.

According to a communication from Bordeaux, in the *Times*, the French Government have obtained possession of many curious documents, which throw light upon the intrigues of the Northern Powers with Don Carlos. Russia appears to have been the Pretender's most steady ally. Austria and Prussia gave many promises of support, but often deceived him.—There is a long report of a conversation between a Carlist envoy and a "Northern Prince," in the course of which the Prince speaks freely of the duplicity of the Austrian and Prussian Monarchs, and with supreme contempt of the legitimate Bourbons and their party in France. It is said that these documents contain abundant evidence of the Czar's almost maniacal hatred of Louis Philippe.

## Plunderings by the Way.

**ANECDOTE OF MATHEWS AND LISTON.**—During one of his performances at Brighton, while Mr. Mathews was singing that part of his "Auction Song," where he solicits for a particular "lot," after looking round the house, and making several appeals, and exclaiming "only three pounds offered—only three," a voice from one of the public boxes, which it was impossible to mistake, cried out "Four!" He turned to the spot, to which every other eye was directed. Though taken by surprise, he was not, however, thrown off his guard, but, bowing smartly, *à la Robins*, exclaimed, "Much obliged; yours, Sir." This bidding was made by Mr. Liston, who was seized, as he afterwards declared, with an irresistible desire to put up for a lot, in order to surprise his brother actor, and was confounded after he had done it, and heard the roar of laughter he had caused, and the notice he had drawn upon himself.

**HINTS TO BALL-SUPPER GIVERS.**—The subjoined hints (from *Murray's Travels in North America*.) demand attention from ball-supper givers:

"The very noblest and wealthiest houses in London might take example, in one particular, from Charleston; namely, in the refreshments offered at balls, and other evening parties. On these occasions I have known many instances in the British metropolis where the dancers and other guests have been offered gooseberry champagne, vin-du-pays, claret, Marsala sherry, and Cape madeira; while the other arrangements of the evening were conducted upon a scale of extravagant magnificence. A Charleston gentleman offers his guests as good wine at his supper as at his dinner table. I know the excuse is ready, that the parties in London are so numerously attended, and upon such an immense scale, that similar arrangements would not be practicable there. This is but an excuse, and a lame one. If a gentleman cannot afford to give good champagne, let him give good sherry; and if not that, good negus; but no man's ostentation should lead him to poison his friends."

A beautiful little Arabian horse, of a dark chestnut colour, arrived at the Royal stables, Windsor, on Saturday last, in charge of an Arab, accompanied from town by one of the Royal servants, having been sent by her Majesty's Consul-General at Tripoli. The little animal, shortly after his arrival, was taken into the quadrangle of the Castle, and was there inspected by her Majesty and the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. The Arab formed an object of as much attraction (being dressed in the costume of his country) as his beautiful charger.

**ANECDOTE OF JAMES WATT.**—M. Arago says:—Had our associate been at all solicitous, he might easily have acquired a name among the writers of romance. In the circle of his more intimate acquaintances, he seldom failed to improve upon the anecdotes, whether frightful, affecting, or amusing, which he heard narrated. The minute details of his recitals, the proper names with which he interspersed them, the technical descriptions of castles and country houses, of forests and caves, to which the scene was successively transported, gave to these improvisations so complete an air of truth, that one could scarcely retain the slightest sentiment of disbelief. On one occasion, however, Watt experienced considerable embarrassment in extricating his characters from the labyrinth in which he had somewhat imprudently involved them. One of his friends, perceiving his difficulty, from the unwonted frequency with which he applied to his snuff-box, as if to explain his pauses, and gain time for reflection, said to him, "Are you, at random, recounting a tale of your own invention?" "Your inquiry," replied the old man, "astonishes me; during the twenty years I have been so happily spending my evenings with you, I have done nothing else. Surely you did not wish to make me the rival of Robertson and Hume, when the utmost of my pretensions was to follow, at a humble distance, in the footsteps of the Princess Scheherazade, of 'The Thousand and One Nights.'"

Miss Burdett Coutts has left Brighton for London, as she could not find a residence that she liked in Brighton. It is rumoured that this lady is about to wed Mr. J. Gibson Lockhart.

**OIL PAINTINGS COPIED BY MACHINERY.**—For several years the frequenters of the Museum of Berlin remarked the constant attendance of a man of small stature, and of poor and miserable appearance; instead of walking through the gallery, and noticing the different pictures, he stopped invariably in the room devoted to the Flemish School, constantly fixed before the same picture—namely, the portrait of Rembrandt. There he stood for hours together, with his hands behind his back, and his eyes rivetted upon his favourite canvass. Thus it was that M. Leipmann was engaged during 10 years in meditating the invention of a machine capable of copying oil paintings, and in which he has at last succeeded. He has produced with this machine in one of the galleries of the museum, and in the presence of the directors of the establishment, 100 copies of the "Portrait of Rembrandt," painted by Rembrandt himself; a picture of which the copying

in the ordinary manner offers the greatest difficulties. His copies are perfect, and repeat even the most delicate touches of the colouring. He asks only 20 francs for each copy. The King of Prussia has honoured Leipmann with the following communication on that ingenious artist submitting to his Majesty a specimen of his invention;—

"I have not only heard for some time past of your invention for the printing of oil paintings, but have also convinced myself of its importance by the copy of Rembrandt's portrait which you have submitted to me. I expect a more circumstantial report upon your invention from the Minister of Public Instruction; but, in the meantime, I have ordered two hundred dollars to be presented to you, in acknowledgement of your merit, and shall with pleasure keep the copy you have submitted to my inspection.

Berlin, Sept. 10, 1839.

FREDERICK WILLIAM.

The Bayaderes, who are still waiting at Bordeaux to embark for their own country, were, on Thursday last, presented by the Prussian consul with four handsome bracelets set with jewels, sent to them by the Queen of Wirtemberg, with a very flattering letter.

**CAOUTCHOUC.**—"There has just been launched on the Neva," says a St. Petersburg letter of the 12th ult., "an India-rubber boat. It is made of sailcloth impregnated with caoutchouc. It may be rolled up, and in the space of ten minutes can be filled with air by means of four little cocks, by which inflation it assumes the form of a boat. During its trial on the river it held three persons, and excited much attention as well by the readiness of its movements as by its pretty appearance."

**ANIMAL SPIRITS.**—Animal spirits are continually taken for wit and fancy, and the want of them for sense and judgment.—*Hazlitt*.

**USEFUL HINT.**—Those who cannot miss an opportunity of saying a good thing, or of bringing in some fantastical opinion of their own, are not to be trusted with the management of any great question.—*Ibid*.

**A CURIOUS OFFENCE.**—A person of large property, but parsimonious habits, residing in a town not 50 miles from this city, wishing to have a tombstone erected after his own death, in the chapel-yard adjoining his house, has actually taken two tombstones from out of that place, the proprietors of which have left the neighbourhood, and, having effaced the inscriptions, bartered one away to the sculptor as the price of carving a laudatory epitaph on himself upon the other.—*Worcester Chronicle*.

A large number of Englishmen, who had taken service in Don Carlos's army, have, within the last few days, passed through Rennes, returning to England by St. Malo and Jersey.—*French Paper*.

By a recent order of the Prussian cabinet, the infantry of the Prussian army are in future to use percussion muskets.

**HOW TO BE HAPPY.**—Hee that would bee happy for a day, let him go to a barber; for a week, marrie a wife; for a month, buy a new house; for all his life, bec an honest man.—*Ward's Diary*.

## MATHEWS AND THE FRENCHMAN.

Among the many foreigners with whom Mr. Mathews was intimate was a M. P—lle, who frequently visited us after our marriage. Monsieur P—lle and his wife, a pretty Englishwoman, had been married several years, but no child had blessed the otherwise happy couple. At the time we became acquainted with them, in York, the lady had given promise, and in due time the critical period arrived which was to complete their happiness, as they believed, by a more powerful bond of union. On the evening when this event was expected, and Monsieur P—lle hoped to become a father, he invited himself to dinner with us, desiring to divert, if possible, the intensity of his feelings from the little less than agony of suspense which he experienced lest his dearly beloved wife should fall a sacrifice to her situation. It was almost impossible, even while witnessing the husband's suffering, not to smile at the ludicrous expression he gave to it.

Mr. Mathews urged him to take more wine than the habit of the abstemious Frenchman would have allowed him to drink at any other time; but now he seemed glad to use any artificial means to sustain himself. A second bottle of port had been produced, after dinner, before any intelligence from home reached the anxious husband, when lo! as he was sipping a second glass of the newly-opened wine, a servant from home was admitted, almost breathless with haste, and announced that his mistress was "put to bed with a fine boy!" The rapture of the father was as whimsical as had been his dread. He was flying off to see his first-born; but a prudent message from the doctor was added, recommending Mons. P—lle not to return immediately, but to wait, satisfied with present intelligence, until summoned. To this he reluctantly submitted; and reseat-ing himself, indulged in his future prospect of added bliss. Nothing had been wanting but a son to perfect the interest of his life; one child was sufficient for their mutual wishes; indeed, as he observed, a large family would not be desirable, or consistent with his means; and, as he and his wife were no longer youthful, it was not probable that any very serious increase to his family circle could be expected—he was, in fact, the happiest of men.

After a short interval, the servant appeared once more, to acquaint Monsieur his master, that, since his first message, "Mistress had got another bairn!"

Surprising was the news, and somewhat damping, we thought, to the happiness and satisfaction which the first intelligence so indisputably occasioned. However, after the first ejaculation of surprise, Mons. P—lle inquired how his wife was, and on being again assured there was nothing to fear, and that he would soon be allowed to see her, he appeared to resign himself to his two-fold blessing, observing, "Well, well! it cannot be prevented—it is one more *den I exner*—more I exner."

ren at one time is rather inconvenient et very expensive!—*ma's n'importe*, I cannot help him—I must be resign to it."

In this manner he philosophised while he sipped his wine, looking into the fire at the same time, in a musing attitude; now and then, however, taking out his watch, and again expressing his anxiety lest his "dear wife" should be in danger. We had some difficulty in preventing him from appearing at his house before the ruling powers there thought proper.

A third time his messenger rushed in, more agitated and pale than at first. He appeared to bring fatal news, for his eyes seemed almost bursting from their sockets, and his whole appearance was truly alarming to us all.

"Well!" we simultaneously exclaimed, "how is Madame —?"

"She's as well as can be expected, doctor says; but——"

"But what?" asked the agitated husband.

"But she's gettin another bairn!" replied the messenger.

"*Anossere shild!*" cried the astonished Frenchman, starting from his chair, and pushing his hair back from his forehead, with a "Wheugh!" as if sudden heat had distressed him. In truth he looked less in sorrow than in anger at this unseasonable augmentation; and, after a second pause in seeming reflection, he suddenly assumed a resolute manner, as if from a strong effort of mental decision, buttoned up his coat rapidly; called for his hat, forced it with a blow down upon his forehead; drew in his breath; and, in a calm yet determined voice, as he hastened out of the room, exclaimed, as if in soliloquy, "I must put a stop to *dis* business!"—*Memoirs of Methews.*

### THE LATE LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

We announced some time since the death of Lady Hester Stanhope. Our readers will no doubt be glad to have a brief sketch of the principal circumstances of that extraordinary woman's life.

It is at Djouni, in Syria, that Lady Hester has died, after a long illness, at the age of sixty-four. That reader must be indifferent who reverts not with interest to his recollections of a woman who has expired on the borders of the Desert, amidst the Druses and Turkomans, over whom that noble daughter of the infidels once exercised so strange and marvellous a sway! The destiny of Lady Stanhope presents one of those features of which not another instance could perhaps be found in the annals of the East. Only imagine forty thousand Arabs suddenly assembled upon the ruins of Palmyra, and these wandering, savage, and indomitable tribes surrounding, in silent astonishment and admiration, a foreign woman, and proclaiming her Sovereign of the Desert and Queen of Palmyra! Convey yourself in thought to the scene of this incredible triumph, and you will then conceive what woman that must have been who imposed silence on Mussulman fanaticism, and created for herself, as it were, by magic, a Sovereignty in the domains of Mohammed!

"Lady Hester Stanhope," says M. de Lamartine in his admirable work, "was a niece of Mr. Pitt. On the death of her uncle she left England, and visited various parts of Europe; young, handsome, and rich, she was everywhere received with the attention and interest due to her rank, fortune, mind, and beauty; but she constantly refused to unite her fate to that of her worthiest admirers, and, after spending some years in the principal capitals of Europe, embarked with a numerous suite for Constantinople. The real cause of this expatriation has never been known; some have ascribed it to the death of a young English officer, who was killed at that period in Spain, and whom an eternal regret must render for ever present in Lady Hester Stanhope's heart; others have imputed her voluntary banishment to a mere love of adventure in a young person of an enterprising and courageous character. However this might be, she departed, spent some years at Constantinople, and then sailed for Syria in an English vessel, which carried also the larger part of her fortune, as well as jewellery, trinkets, and presents of all sorts, of very considerable value."

The vessel encountered a storm in the Gulf of Macri, on the road to Caramania; the ship was wrecked, Lady Hester Stanhope's property was all lost, and it was as much as she could do to save her own life. Nothing, however, could shake her resolution. She returned to England, gathered the remainder of her fortune, sailed again for Syria, and landed at Latakia, the ancient Laodicea. She had at first thought of fixing her abode at Broussa, at the foot of the Olympus; but Broussa is a commercial city, situate on the avenue to the Ottoman capital, and reckoning not less than sixty thousand inhabitants; and Lady Hester Stanhope sought the independence and solitude of the Desert. She therefore selected the wilderness of Mount Lebanon whose extreme ramifications lose themselves in the sands. Ruined Palmyra—Zenobia's ancient capital—suited her fancy. The noble exile took up her residence at Djouni, prepared for every vicissitude. "Europe," said she, "is a monotonous residence; its nations are unworthy of freedom, and endless revolutions are their only prospects." She applied herself to the study of the Arabic language, and strove to obtain a thorough acquaintance with the character and manners of the Syrian people. One day, dressed in the costume of the Osmanlis, she set out for Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, and the Desert; she advanced amidst a caravan loaded with wealth, tents, and presents for the Scheiks, and was soon surrounded by all the tribes, who knelt to her, and submitted to her supremacy.

It was not solely by her magnificence that Lady Hester had excited the admiration of the Arabs; her courage had been proved on more than one occasion, and she had always faced peril with a boldness and energy which the tribes well remembered. Lady Hester knew also how to flatter the Mahomedan prejudices. She held no intercourse with Christians and Jews; she spent whole days in the grotto of a saint, who explained the Koran to her; and never appeared in public without that mein of majestic and grave inspiration which was always unto Oriental nations the characteristic of prophets. With her, however, this conduct was not so much the result of design as of a decided proneness to every species of excitement and originality.

Her first abode was but a monastery. It was soon transformed into an Oriental palace, with pavilions, orange gardens, and myrtles, over which spread the foliage of the cedar, such as it grows in the mountains of Lebanon. The traveller to whom Lady Hester opened this sanctuary, would behold her clad in Oriental garments. Her head was covered with a turban made of red and white cashmere. She wore a long tunic, with open loose sleeves; large Turkish trousers, the folds of which hung over yellow morocco boots embroidered with silk. Her shoulders were covered with a sort of burnous, and a yataghan hung to her waist. Lady Hester Stanhope had a serious and imposing countenance; her noble and mild features had a majestic expression, which her high stature and the dignity of her movements enhanced.

The day came when all this *prestige*, so expensively kept up, suddenly vanished. Lady Hester's fortune rapidly declined; her income yearly decreased; in short, the substantial resources which had, at one time, sustained the magic of her extraordinary domination, were daily forsaking her. The Queen of Palmyra then fell back into the rank of mere mortals, and she who had signed absolute firmans enabling the traveller to visit in security the regions of Palmyra—she whose authority the Sublime Porte had tacitly acknowledged—soon saw her people disown her omnipotency; she was left the title of Queen, but it was but an empty name, a mere recollection; and again the monastery's silence ruled over the solitude of Djouni. A Queen, stripped of her glory of a day, Lady Hester Stanhope has expired, the sport of fate, at the moment the East is convulsed. She has expired in obscurity and loneliness, without even mingling her name with the great events of which it is now the theatre.

### JOHN WILKES.

Lord Brougham's Sketches of "Public Characters" who flourished during the reign of George the Third, are resumed in the Edinburgh Review. The two principal men, each of whom is drawn at full length, are the Earl of Shelbourne and John Wilkes, the last of whom is, not undeservedly, given up to general contempt and abhorrence. Of Wilkes we have the following graphic portrait:—

"Though of good manners and even a winning address, his personal appearance was so revolting as to be hardly human. High birth he could not boast; for his father was a respectable distiller in Clerkenwell. Of fortune he had but a moderate share, and it was all spent before he became a candidate for popular favour; and his circumstances were so notoriously desperate, that he lived for years on patriotic subscriptions. Those more sterling qualities of strict moral conduct, regular religious habits, temperate and prudent behaviour, regular industrious life—qualities which are generally required of public men, even if more superficial accomplishments should be dispensed with—he had absolutely nothing; and the most flagrant violations of decency on moral as well as religious matters were committed, were known, were believed, and were overlooked by the multitude, in the person of their favourite champion, who yet had the address to turn against one of his antagonists, a clerical gentleman, some of those feelings of the English people in behalf of decorum, all of which his life was passed in openly violating. Of the light but very important accomplishments which fill so prominent a place in the patriotic character, great eloquence, and a strong and masculine style in writing, he had but little. His compositions are more pointed than powerful—his wit shines far more than his passions glow—and as a speaker, when he did speak, which was but rarely, he showed indeed some address and much presence of mind, but no force, and produced hardly any effect. Of his readiness, an anecdote is preserved which may be worth relating. Mr. Luttrell and he were standing on the Brentford hustings, when he asked his adversary privately, whether he thought there were more fools or rogues among the multitude of Wilkes spread out before them. 'I'll tell them what you say, and put an end to you,' said the Colonel—but perceiving the threat gave Wilkes no alarm, he added, 'Surely you don't mean to say that you could stand here one hour after I did so?' 'Why,' the answer was, 'you would not be alive one instant after.' 'How so?' 'I should merely say it was a fabrication, and they would destroy you in the twinkling of an eye!'

The Reviewer allows that Wilkes possessed great powers of wit and repartee; but this is hardly doing him justice, for he was by far the wittiest man of his age, perhaps more so than any Englishman of whom we have a record. Foote was a cleverer buffoon, and Sheridan showed more tact in firing off his elaborated jokes; but Wilkes was ever ready, and needed not to concoct a good thing beforehand. We have many instances of his matchless facility in Boswell, who records how he conciliated the high Tory Johnson by his sparkling conversational powers. Gibbon, too, in the posthumous autobiography prefixed to Lord Sheffield's edition of his works, has borne equally striking testimony to his wit and sarcasm; and his diverting squabble with parson Horne about the "old clothes," shows that, when he pleased, he could be just as ready with his pen. The Reviewer says, "Wilkes was a fair classical scholar;" he was more than this, he was a first-rate Latinist—that is to say, he had a perfect critical acquaintance with the niceties of the Roman authors, especially the poets, whom he dearly loved; and late in life he published an edition of his favourite Catullus. His knowledge of Greek literature, though not profound, was far from contemptible: and some great classical scholar—we forget his name, but we think it was Gilbert Wakefield, the friend of Fox—who spent a day with him at the Isle of Wight not long before his death, expressed surprise at the extent of his acquaintance with the orators and dramatists of Greece. But here our panegyric must stop. He was a heartless reprobate, who made a trade of politics, and a deliberate, systematic study of libertinism. Though one of the ugliest dogs in Christendom, with a big chuckle head, white, glittering back teeth, or rather tusks, and an infernal squint that might have scared a ghost—Wilkes, strange to say, was a prodigious favourite with women, and used often to boast that, give him half an hour's use of his tongue, and he would supplant the handsomest man in England in the affections of a lady!



## THE PARISIAN LADY.

BY H. DE BALZAC.

Passing along, in certain quarters of Paris, some fine morning between the hours of two and five, you observe a Lady approaching. The first glance is like the preface to some charming book,—it presents to you a world of things graceful and elegant! As the botanist detects among the hills and valleys some choice and unexpected prize, so you, amid Parisian vulgarities, have encountered a rare and exquisite blossom! It is the PARISIAN LADY!—the “FEMME COMME IL FAUT.”

Either the “cynosure” is accompanied by two distinguished-looking men,—one, at least, decorated with “an order:” or she is followed, at short distance, by a servant in undress livery. She wears no dazzling colours, no elaborately carved zone or buckle; no embroidered flounce is seen waving over her instep: on her feet are shoes of prunella, the sandals crossing a cotton stocking of exceeding fineness, or a plain silk one of soberest grey; or else she wears a delicate boot of the simplest character. Her gown is of a stuff well chosen, but of no great cost; yet its style and fashion shall attract you, and excite the envy of many a city-bred dame; it is usually a wrapper, fastened with knots or bows, and prettily edged with a cord that is but slightly perceptible. She has a manner, all her own, of folding around her a cloak or shawl, which she arranges about her neck and shoulders with a sort of bridling curvet that would convert a *bourgeoise* into a hunchback, but which, in her is made to indicate the most exquisite proportions of form—even in the very act of veiling them. But how is this done? Ah! that is her secret; and she keeps it without requiring the protection of a patent.

Poets, artists, lovers! all ye who worship Ideal Beauty, that mystic Rose of Genius happily unrevealed to the mere creatures of common life,—hover round and admire this flower of loveliness—at once so judiciously concealed, and so skilfully displayed! The coquette!—observe her! Her walk is a kind of waving and harmonized motion, that makes her soft and dangerous form to quiver beneath its draperies, as at mid day the serpent goes gliding through the trembling grass. Is it to a demon or an angel that she owes the graceful undulation, mantling beneath her long scarf of black silk, agitating the lace of its edge, and scattering around a breath of balm that I would fain call the Zephyrine of the “Parisienne?” You perceive about her arms, waist, and throat, a display of “science in folds,” that compels the most restive material into classic drapery, and reminds you of the antique Mnemosyne! Ah! how well she understands the eloquence of motion!—Observe her manner of advancing the foot, and thus moulding her dress with so exact a propriety, that she excites an admiration—which dares be nothing warmer, only because restrained by the profoundest respect. An Englishwoman essaying such a step, has the air of a grenadier dashing forward to attack a redoubt. To the Parisian Lady be the honour and the glory of the perfect walk! Yes, the civic power did well to accord her the smooth asphalt of the “trottoir”—it was her due! Your bright Unknown displaces no passer-by; but waits with a proud humility till all have made way! The look of distinction peculiar to a highly-bred woman, is noted more especially in her mode of crossing her shawl or mantle over her bosom. She displays, even in walking, an air of serene self-possession that brings before you the Madonnas of Raphael in their frames. Her attitude—at once dignified and composed—compels the most insolent “dandy” to move out of her path. Her bonnet, of the simplest form, has the freshest ribands imaginable. Flowers, perhaps, or feathers? No! flowers invite too many gazers; and feathers demand a carriage. Beneath this head-dress, you find the fresh and tranquil face of a woman self-assured, yet not to fatuity; who looks at nothing, but sees everything; whose vanity, half annihilated by repletion, has given to her expression a sort of indifference that piques one’s curiosity; she knows that all eyes follow her; she knows that all, even of her own sex, will turn round to watch her steps. Thus she traverses Paris, a vestal shining in the purity—OF HER TACT.

But this beautiful genus loves only the warmest latitudes—the most select longitudes of Paris. You will find it between the 20th and the 116th arcade of the Rue Rivoli, under the line of the Boulevards, from the glowing equator of the Panoramas, where flourish the productions of the Indies, where burst into blossom the most richly elaborated products of industry, even to the Cape of the Madeleine, or to those least impure lands of citizenship, between the numbers 30 and 150 of the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. During the winter, she prefers the platform of the Feuillants to the pavement of bitumen that borders it. Ay, and this bird of beauty may also be seen floating along the avenue of the Champs Elysées, limited by the Place Louis Quinze on the east, on the west by the avenue of Marigny, on the south by the Chaussée, and on the north by the gardens of the Faubourg St. Honoré, but never in the hyperborean regions of the Rue St. Denis; never in the Kamtschatka of the commercial districts; and in bad weather, you will find her—nowhere. The Parisian flowers bloom only for the morning hours; then only do they perfume the promenades; but five o’clock once passed, they fold up, as doth the lily of the day.

The women you see at a later hour, having a slight resemblance of those just described, and seeking to ape them in all things, are of sadly opposite habits and character, whilst the beautiful Unknown—your Beatrice of the day—is the true Parisian lady, the *femme comme il faut*. Strangers find it difficult to recognize the differences, by which our practised observers distinguish them, for woman is an admirable actress; but the Parisian is not to be deceived;—a fastening ill concealed—lacings showing their net-work through a yawning cleft in the back of the dress—shoes frayed, or ill-fitted—bonnet ribands just escaped from the smoothing-iron—a gown too much inflated—a “manner of being”—too stiffly starched! You will observe an affected lowering of the eyes—a sort of studied conventionalism in the whole attitude.

As to the city bird, the *Bourgeoise*, it were impossible for us to confound her with the exquisite Parisian Lady; she is an admirable foil to the enchantress, and explains clearly the charm that your Beatrice has thrown around you. The *Bourgeoise* has a busy look—she goes—she comes—she peers well about her—she trots to purpose—does not know exactly

whether she will, or will not enter a shop. The Lady “comme il faut” knows perfectly what she desires, or will do. The *Bourgeoise* is undecided; she tucks up her gown to cross the gutters—nay, absolutely drags a child by the hand, which compels her to look out for the coaches. She parades her maternity to the public eye, and cordially chatters to her offspring. It is evident that she has money in her rush-made reticule, and transparent stockings are upon her feet! In winter, she wears a boa over her fur tippet—in summer, both shawl and scarf. Your city dame is skilled to admiration in the redundancies of dress!

But your Beatrice—you will find her again (if you have the requisite qualification,) at “the Italians”—the opera—a ball—where she is seen under an aspect so different, that you would say—“Here are two creatures without analogy.” The woman has come forth from her vestments of mystery like a butterfly from its silken cone. She now serves up as a delicacy, to your enraptured eyes, those contours that in the morning the involutions of her drapery scarcely permitted you to divine. At the theatre, she will not be found beyond the second boxes, except at “the Italians;” you may there study at your leisure the refined deliberation of her every movement. Adorable deceiver! She makes use of a thousand little artifices of feminine policy, with an appearance of nature that excludes all idea of premeditation or art. Has she a royally beautiful hand! The most astute observer shall believe it absolutely needful that she twist, remodel, put back, or move forward the very ringlet, or tress, she caresses or torments. It shall seem to you that she does but seek to infuse irony, or give grace to the remark just making to her neighbour—while she is really taking the precise position for producing that magic effect of a half-vanishing profile so delighted in by great painters—the light reposing on the cheek—a clear line designating the nose, the delicate rose-tint of the illuminated and transparent nostril—the brow designed with a vivid keenness—the look of fire directed into the distance, while a beam of light points admirably the white roundness of the chin. If she have a pretty foot, she will throw herself on a divan with the coquetry of a cat in the sun, her feet peering from beneath her drapery. Yet shall you find in her attitude as delicious a model as was ever given by Lassitude to the statuary!

It is only the Parisian “Lady” who displays perfect ease in her dress. She suffers nothing to constrain her. You never can surprise her, as you might the *Bourgeoise*, arranging a disorderly epaulette—compelling obedience from a rebellious girdle—observing if the tucker continues a faithful guardian to its trust—or consulting a glass as to the arrangement of her hair. Her toilette is in perfect keeping with her character; she has had time to study it, and decide on what becomes her; what does not become her she has known long, and well.

To be a woman of this exquisite fashion does not require great talent, but it does require great taste. Your fair one always disappears before the conclusion of the performance; if by chance she shows herself on the red steps of the stair-case, she is then a prey to some violent emotion; she is there for a purpose; she has some stealthy look to give, some promise to receive; perhaps she descends thus slowly to satisfy the vanity of some slave—whom she sometimes obeys in her turn. If your meeting be at a ball or evening party, your ear will eagerly and rapidly gather the sweetness, real or affected, of her skilfully modulated voice: you will be delighted with every word—“signifying nothing,” perhaps, but to which she communicates the efficacy of deep thought by a skill inimitable; the mind of this woman is the triumph of an art entirely plastic; you know nothing, you retain nothing, exactly, of all that she says; but you shall be charmed,—spellbound, nevertheless. She shakes her head, shrugs gracefully her ivory shoulders, gilds the most insignificant phrase by an incipient smile or pretty pout, and utters an epigram of Voltaire’s with a gesture—an “ah!”—or a “there” “and then!” An air of the head becomes the most active interrogation—there is eloquence in the movement that balances her *Cassiolette* as it hangs by a ring to her finger; it is the artificially great, resulting from the superlatively small: she drops her hand with a noble grace, suspending it from the arm of her chair, where it hangs like a dewdrop on the edge of a flower,—and behold!—all is said!—she has pronounced a judgment, from which there is no appeal, and which might animate the most insensible. She listens to you; she affords you opportunity for being *spirituel*—and I appeal to your modesty, are not such occasions rare? In her presence you are shocked by no inharmonious thought, while you cannot talk for half an hour with a “*Bourgeoise*,” but she will bring her *spouse* before you in one form or another. Should your Beatrice be married, she has the delicacy so closely to veil her husband, that the scrutiny of a Columbus would not discover him; unassisted you could never do it. But you may observe her, towards the close of the evening, looking fixedly at some distinguished persons of middle age: her carriage is ordered—she departs; and you bear to your pillow the golden fragments of a delicious dream, that will probably continue when the heavy hand of sleep shall have opened the ivory door of Fancy’s temple.

At home, this creature of bright imaginings is not visible, on her receiving days, until four. She has the prudence to make you wait. In her house everything is in the best taste,—the very staircase breathes a cordial warmth, habits of luxury pervade her every moment, and are refreshed with unerring judgment! The costly trifles of the day are scattered in profusion, but seek not to compete with a museum of curiosities. No object of beauty is obscured by glass, cases of glass, or odious envelopes affixed by way of safeguard. Bright flowers rejoice the eyes on every side,—flowers, the only present she accepts—nor this, but from the selected few: flowers live not beyond the day, give pleasure, and require to be renewed; these are to her, as they are in the East, a symbol and a promise. You will find her at her fireside seated on her *causaise*, from whence she salutes you without rising; her conversation is no longer that of the ball; there it was your duty to admire her—in her own house, it is her affair that you be entertained. How delicate are these shades;—the Parisian Lady comprehends them to perfection.

She values you as one who is to increase her circle of society,—a paramount object of solicitude with her: thus to fix you in her drawing-room she will exert a thousand wiles—it is in her own house that you feel how completely isolated is the woman of our day, and why is it that each de-

sires to be the sun of her sphere—the one luminary of the world she lives for. Conversation is an impossibility without generalities; the epigram—that volume in a word—no longer turns, as it did in the 18th century, on persons or things, but on the most trifling events, and it perishes with the moment of its birth. The talent of the Parisian lady, if she have any, consists in throwing doubts on all things, while that of the Bourgeoise is to support and maintain them; this constitutes one great distinction between these two women. The Bourgeoise is unquestionably virtuous. The Parisian Lady is not sure that she is so, either in reference to the present or the future; she hesitates or resists, precisely where the other refuses—this indecision, as to all and everything, is one of the last graces which the existing state of society has left her. She goes rarely to church, but will talk to you of religion, and even seek to convert you, should you indulge in fashionable incredulity, for you will thus have given occasion to those pretty airs, those graceful gestures, those formal phrases, so delightful in every woman.

"Ah! shame on you! I thought you too high-minded to attack religion!—what! you see society crumbling around us, and would remove its latest prop; but do you not perceive that religion, in these days, is our all—nay, our very selves—it is you—us—our property, and the future existence of our children. Ah! do not let us be egotists! Selfishness is the vice of the age, and religion is its only corrective; it is that alone which unites those whom your laws tend to separate."

Such will be her exclamations. She will enter on a serio-polemical homily, well sprinkled with political notions, and neither Catholic nor Protestant, but moral! oh, supremely moral! and you shall find it a perfect specimen of tissue, woven out of all the various modern doctrines, however opposed and irreconcilable they must be. Her lecture will manifest that she represents no less the confusion Intellectual, than the confusion Political of the day, just as she is surrounded externally by the brilliant but fragile products of an industry, ever busied in destroying its own works for the sole purpose of reproducing them. You leave her, saying to yourself, "She certainly has superiority of mind!"—and you think this all the more, because she has sounded the depth of your own heart with a most tender and delicate plummet. She has fathomed your secrets by appearing ignorant that she can learn them; but there are some things she never knows, however profoundly she may be acquainted with them. One thought alone disturbs you—you know nothing of her heart! The "great ladies" of old times threw no veils over the features of their lovers—they were posted up—announced,—universally known: but now-a-days, "the Lady" has her "preference"—ruled like music paper, with its minims, crotchets, quavers, sharps, flats, organ stops, and what not. Weak woman! she sports with the lightning! she will compromise neither her husband nor the welfare of her children—but neither will she give up her lover! In our age, name and station are no longer held in respect sufficient to shelter those they dignify. The whole body of the Aristocracy will not now stand forward as a screen for the woman who has erred. "La femme comme il faut" cannot, like the "great lady" of by-gone days, march on by main force; she can trample no one under foot—it is herself who may be trampled on: hence she becomes a combination of jesuitical half-measures, and most ambiguous distinctions: carefully guarding all outward proprieties, she steers her slight bark among the breakers—the breath of the passions stealing none the less through her sails. This woman, so unfettered in the ball-room, so attractive on the promenade, is a slave in her home, and possesses independence only in her closet or her thoughts: she desires to be considered a model of propriety, and to seem so is her perpetual study;—she dreads her servants as an Englishwoman fears Doctors' Commons; for a woman now-a-days, if separated from her husband, may be reduced to some trifling annuity, and then, divested of all luxury, without a carriage, a box at the opera, or the edifying accessories of the toilet, she has no longer place or position—she becomes a nobody—a mere non-entity!

The Lady, therefore, may give occasion to many whispers, but never to open condemnation. She is something between English hypocrisy and the graceful frankness of the 18th century. She forms part of a false system, that indicates a period when nothing which follows resembles that which departs, and the transitions of which lead to no results; wherein all striking features are effaced, slight shades alone remain, and all distinctions are purely personal. In my opinion, it were impossible that any woman, were she next of kin to the very throne, should acquire, before her 25th year, that universal knowledge of nothings, that science of contrivances, those important trifles—great little things—those serpentine inflexions of voice, those harmonies of colour, those angelic devilities, those innocent villainies, the eloquence and silence, the seriousness and bartering, the tact and stupidity, the refined policy and unconscious ignorance which constitute "la femme comme il faut." Certain indiscreet persons have asked us if a literary lady be a lady "comme il faut?" If she have genius—yes, possibly: if not—she is then a lady such as—we must decline to describe.

And now what is this woman?—whence comes she?—to what family does she belong? We reply, she must take the position which the revolution has given to her; she is essentially a modern creation, a triumph of the elective system, applied to the fair sex. Each revolution has its password, a word by which it depicts itself, and wherein its spirit is made manifest; to explain certain words, added from age to age to the French language, would be to write a magnificent history: "organise," for example, is a word of the Empire,—it is Napoleon concentrated! For nearly half a century we have been aiding and assisting the ruin of all social distinctions; we ought to have saved our women from this prodigious wreck; but the Civil Code has crushed them, too, in its progress! The "Great Lady"—is dead; she has expired with her gorgeous solemnities of the past century—her power, patches, high-heeled shoes, and well stiffened stays, all bedizened with bows. A Duchess goes now through all doors without having any one of them enlarged for the passage of her hoop; in short, the Empire saw the last of the "long-trained gowns." I have yet to learn why the Sovereign, who chose to see his court swept by satins and velvets, did not establish, by some irrevocable law, the right of primogeniture for, at least, certain families. Napoleon did not foresee

th th only of the code he so gloried in—in creating Duchesses, he gave birth to our "femmes comme il faut"—they resulted from his legislation, and may be called its "mediate product." The splendours of the social state have been demolished. Now-a-days, every booby who is competent to carry a head upright above his collar, to cover his broad chest with half an ell of satin by way of cuirass, display a brow with certain suspicious signs of apocryphal genius beneath curling locks, balance himself on shining pumps, surmounted by silk stockings at five shillings a pair, and hold his eye-glass between a frontal arch and distorted cheek, though he be a lawyer's clerk, the heir of a contractor, or a banker's son (with the bend sinister on his shield), may yet stare impudently at the loveliest Duchess.

But what are the causes of this state of things? Let us see. A Duke of—what you please—under Louis XVIII. or Charles X. with 200,000 francs a year, a magnificent hotel and well-appointed household, might be still an important personage—(the last of these great French nobles, the Prince de Talleyrand, has just died.) This duke leaves four children, of whom two are daughters; now, supposing all were married, neither of his heirs has more than 100,000 francs a year: each is the parent of several children, consequently is obliged to live in a mere "apartment" on the ground or first floor of some house, and that with the closest economy, or is even occupied, perhaps, in seeking "a fortune." Henceforward the wife of the eldest son is Duchess only in name,—she has neither equipage, servants, opera box, nor even leisure—for she nurses her babies, buys their dear little stockings, and educates her daughters, whom she no longer sends to a convent. The most noble among our women is thus become a respectable housewife—she is buried as completely in the duties of her married life, as the woman of the Rue St. Denis in her shop affairs—our era has none of the beautiful flowers of woman kind which adorned the "great ages." The fan of the "great lady" is broken; it is not now, as it once was, the efficient auxiliary of the Graces, because Woman has half laid aside her airs; she has not now to bridle, blush, whisper, advance, or retire, as a kind of "parade exercise" necessary to be gone through: no—the fan is used but to agitate the air; and when a thing becomes applicable only to a purpose for which it was intended, it is too useful to be any longer a luxury.

All things in France have thus conspired to give influence to our "femme comme il faut." The aristocracy assented to her government by retiring to their distant seats, where they hide themselves to die. The women who might have moulded the manners of Europe—commanded opinion and fitted it as their glove—ruled the world by governing its rulers—the men of resources,—of thought,—they have committed the error of abandoning the field, because ashamed at having to contend with the middle classes, who, intoxicated with power, have thrown themselves into the arena to be torn in pieces, perhaps, by the brute multitude that is following rapidly in their steps. Thus, when the citizen goes to look at a princess, he perceives only a young person "comme il faut." No prince can, now-a-days, find "great ladies" to compromise; he cannot now render illustrious the object of his choice; the Duke de Bourbon was the last who attempted to exert this privilege, and heaven only knows what it cost him. In these dreary times even princes themselves must be content with—"des femmes comme il faut"—each holding her opera box, merely in common with some half a dozen friends, and whom royal favour does not elevate a hair's breadth. No; she glides along silently between the stream of the noble and city-born, neither altogether the one, nor yet wholly of the other.

The Press has taken the place of the Woman; it has become heir to that which was hers. She is no longer the speaking oracle! fair medium of delicious slanders in drapery of silken words. We have now Written Diaries, and these in a patois changing every third year,—gazettes, graceful as an orang-outang, amusing as a death's head, and light as the lead of their types! French conversations are now made in revolutionary Iroquois from one end of France to the other, by long columns printed in ancient mansions, where the press groans and gnashes its teeth in halls, once hallowed by the brightest forms, and consecrated by discourse the most brilliant.

The knell of high society is sounding! Do you hear it?—the first stroke is the modern phrase of "La femme comme il faut."—this woman, proceeding from the rank of nobility, or put forward by the Bourgeoise, coming indifferently from all parts, capital or province, is the type of the actual time—a last image of good taste, talent, grace, and distinction united, but all lessened and degenerated. We shall see no more "great ladies" in France, but there will long exist "des femmes comme il faut," sent by public opinion into a feminine Chamber of Peers, and which will be for the fair sex what the distinction of "Gentleman" is in England. And this is progress! Formerly, a woman might have the voice of a fish-seller, the stride of a grenadier, the brow of the boldest courtesan, a thick and heavy hand, and the foot of an elephant,—she was none the less a "Great Lady"—but now, were she a Montmorency (if the daughter of a Montmorency could be so degenerate,) she would be no longer "une femme comme il faut."

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